

UNIVERSITY CLUB

WEEK ENDING JANUARY 6, 19
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Suck

SPECIAL SUPPLEMENT
PICTORIAL HISTORY OF AMERICA



FEARL CHRISTY

Painted by F. Earl Christy

FOR A RIDE WITH CUPID



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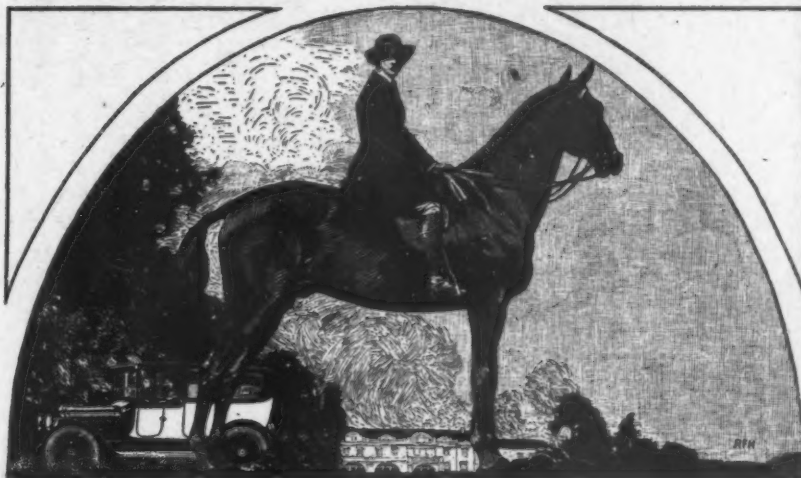
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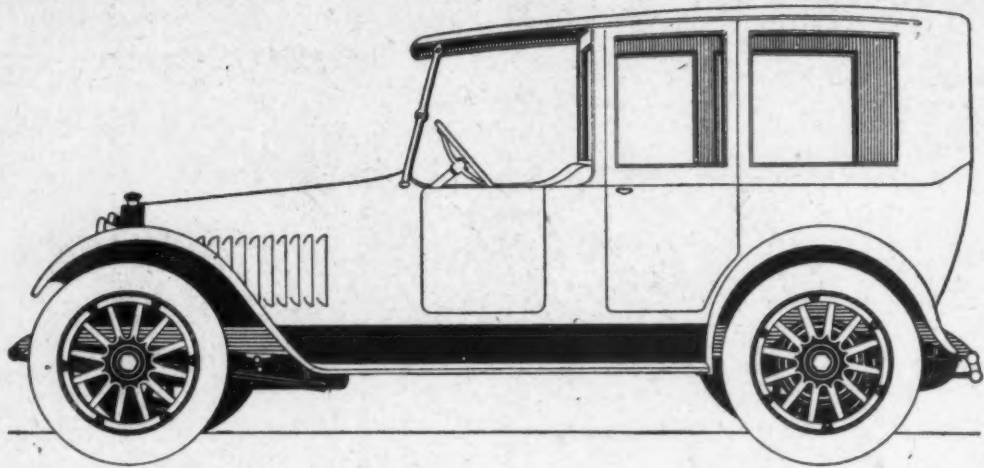
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Two " Roadster	- - -	1070	Seven " Town car	- - -	2550

(All prices f.o.b. Detroit)





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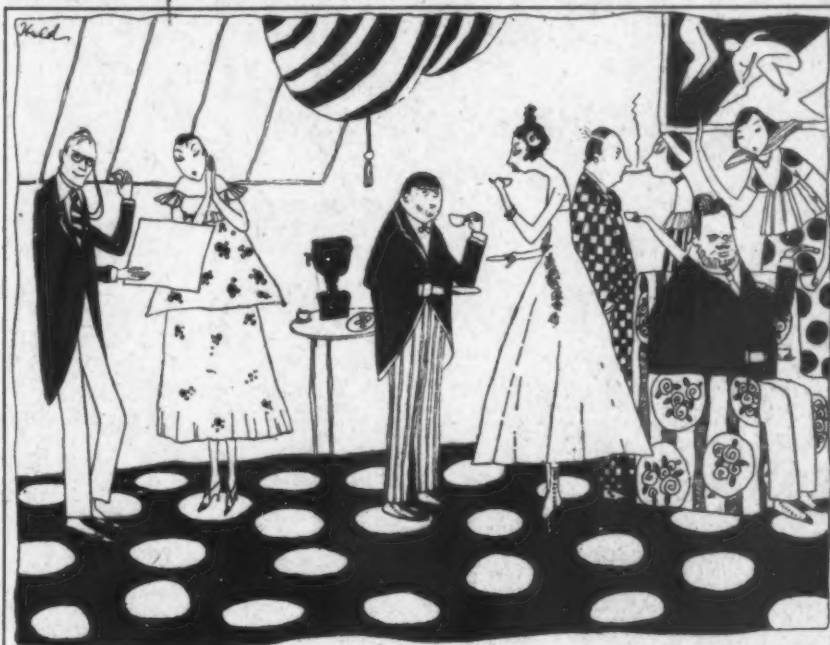
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WHAT'S THE FUNNIEST THING?
THAT EVER HAPPENED TO YOU?

Puck
WANTS TO KNOW

And what is much more to the point, PUCK is dividing \$500 in prizes just to find out how funny the world can be when in its most jocular mood.

No affidavit of reliability is required—spin your yarn just as it strikes your fancy.

Only be sure it is funny.

Everybody has had some side-splitting adventure.

Out of 1782 answers sent in thus far, 1781 write, "I got married."

There's nothing funny in that, and we have disqualified these entries on the score of undue levity.

The field is wide open, and unless you have led a life of sober solemnity, you may win part of the \$500.

The Prizes { FIRST PRIZE, \$350
SECOND PRIZE, 150
THIRD PRIZE, 100

Tell your story in five hundred words or less.

Write on one side of the paper only.

Stories which are available for publication, but not prize winners, will be paid for at our regular rates.

Those not available will be returned, provided a stamped and self-addressed envelope is enclosed for the purpose.

The contest will close March 15th.

ADDRESS: Funny Story Editor, PUCK
210 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

P.S.—The funniest thing that ever happened to you doesn't have to be true so long as it's funny.

Puck

will contain next week
the following features:

PUCK INTERVIEWS ANATOLE
FRANCE
By OSIRIS COB

THE SEVEN ARTS
By JAMES HUNEKER

THE KINGDOM OF POLAND
A Poem
By ELIAS LIEBERMAN

IF SHAKESPEARE HAD BEEN
A SCENARIO WRITER
By KENNETH L. ROBERTS

REFLECTIONS OF AN OBSCURE
POET
By SAMUEL HOFFENSTEIN

CARTOON BY MACAULEY

ALAN DALE ON THE DRAMA

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
BARTON, HESS, MORRIS
and others

Ruck



Old Nick of Montenegro

—Drawn by Julian Hess

Puck Interviews Nicholas of Montenegro

By Osiris Cob

Nicholas of Montenegro is a silhouette, a pastel—his enemies might say a *pastiche*—a fresque or a frieze, but scarcely a twentieth century monarch whose head rests on the leaden bolster of Care and whose feet pound the air while he dreams bad dreams of the social revolution.

Comic opera never invented such a monarch. He lives to-day in Lyons, in his seventy-fifth year, after having decamped bag and baggage after the invasion of the Teuton legions. But he is still the great verbal swashbuckler that I knew twenty years ago in his mountain retreat in Montenegro. He is a democrat of democrats. He wore in those days the old costume of the Montenegrin people, a crazy quilt of ancient colors. He looked in his warlike togs like a cross between an ancient Highland warrior and a sixteenth century Neapolitan bravo.

In Paris, in his younger days, Nicholas "knew the ropes," and he never forgot them. He loved the bowl and the tavern and was most at home with the "Red Chicagos" and "Denver Dicks" of his country, who slept on their guns under the shadow of mountain peaks between "hold-ups."

Nicholas was a Falstaff and a Jacques Casanova and a potential Masaniello all rolled in one—one of those glories that come to bless us once in a while; the rollicking, roaring, swearing, lawless d'Artagnans of instinct and impulse that pull the dunce-cap over the head of Respectability and Normality and their brat, Reason, that damns the world with soap, parliaments, Krupps, sweatshops, prohibitionists and literary censors.

He lives to-day in a villa on the outskirts of Lyons, and he has had builded on the grounds surrounding his house a range of papier-maché mountain-peaks, not one over twenty feet high. His walks are filled with stones of all sizes. This gives him the illusion that he is still in his mountain fastnesses, lying in wait for hypothetical enemies. Here, in this garden of fortresses and cobblestones, he can be seen bagging clay pigeons and letting forth strange, eerie, warlike whoops. "The mountains are said to be full of brandy bottles."

Little difficulty to get into his presence. I got there, fortunately, on a day when a silk worker whom I met on the road told me that "Nick had been raising l'enfer" from behind his paper and canvas Gibaltars. The royal Tartarin in all his glory! I was in luck.

He has not changed much, and he recognized me instantly, laying down his rifle and dangling his medals on his breast like sweet cowbells out of tune. I was polite

enough not to inquire about the medals. Some looked like exposition ads.

"Welcome!" he bawled as though he were calling from mountain height to mountain height. Dressed in his old costume, his agglutinuous whiskers still about the same cut, his curiously modelled and colored skull-cap looking something like a circular advertising fence, I could hardly repress a guffaw. He was a living satire on kingly glory, the very irony of majesty.

"A beautiful summer day." He dragged out from under one of his pasteboard Gibaltars two campstools and a bottle of choice old cognac and several glasses.

"They have been to see me ever since I came to France," he said, "here from everywhere; correspondents from South America, the Azores and Thibet; but you are the first American correspondent who has honored me thus. I'll tell you anything you want to know about this war. What you see here is a miniature topographical and geographical reproduction of my own country. The Allied chiefs would not follow my advice, and behold what happened. I had to withdraw temporarily from Montenegro. But I have sent for Generals Joffre and Haig and Cadorna to come here, and, sir, I'll teach them the art of war in mountainous and rangy countries. They have not replied yet."

With this, Old Nick sprang to his feet, his eyes gleaming with the celestial beams that are buried in cognac, and he dragged me to a far corner of the grounds, to a muslin mountain-pass between two painted peaks.

"That's the Adriatic over there, young man," said the King, pointing to the barnyard runway. "Over there is the East, which I would have ruled in three months if they had let me go ahead. The Adriatic I already commanded, me and my forts. My plan was simple enough—ah! they know it now, the blockheads! the fools!"

"And the plan was, your Majesty?"

"To man the peaks, east, north, west and south. With a handful of men I could have annihilated the Teutons and Bulgarians—like that."

Here he raised his rifle and blew off the top of a mountain, which fell on a frightened rooster who had been scurrying toward the Adriatic.

"Yes, and who knows," he added, now beside himself, the old tribal chief leaping into his face like the rebirth of an ancient and dead glory, "I might have dominated Europe. With one hand—had they only allowed me my way!—I would have held the Adriatic against Austria and with the other wrung the necks of Bulgaria and

Austria. But they squelched me like a jelly-pie. But they'll call me back in the end. They'll need me, they with their books and rules and theories!"

"Yes," he said, answering a look in my eyes, after a pause. "Yes," he almost whispered, this is my Elba. I am a Napoleon with an Elba, but one that shall never know a Waterloo or a St. Helena."

Here he guzzled an enormous quantity of brandy straight from the bottle, reminding me of that other minific brandy-god, the late General Huerta.

Now the brandy and the tribal chief were in full psychologic swing. I could see in his eye the fairyland of unhallowed butcheries, the gravitation of his soul toward the forbidden. He was a thousand years younger than the world. Was he one of the bacchanals of death, or was he merely going to do a can-can à la Attila? Was I safe? At least I was about to witness a psycho-chemical avatar of the past.

"Peace! Peace!" he screamed at me, while he potted another peak, causing the servants in the villa to begin closing the shutters very cautiously. "Humbug! Rot! War is the essence of life. All that lives has murdered something else. All movement is a form of manslaughter. Patriotism is the Great Ecstasy. War is the primal passion, the primal poem, the real heart-beat of the race. The battle-cry is the basis of all life, cosmic, emotional, mental. The tumult of the moment of charging, the sublimely illicit emotions of that battle-beat—they are worth all the stupidities of every day existence."

"I have loved wine, and women, and wild dances—and why should I not love war? I am my country. The roots of my being swell and are tumescent with patriotic sap. I am my tribe. In August, 1914, I scurried home—that is, to the sub-basement of my psyche. Peace is the business of anæmic scoundrels. War is the business of strong men. Limp, pallid sentimentalists—when they run the planet then dies Nicholas of the Mountains!"

"But, Your Majesty," I faltered, retreating toward a battle-filled peak, "they say you ran away from —"

But Nicholas did not hear me. He had sunken into a deep brandy-coma, wherefrom came seismic snores that shook the peaks roundabout and set up huge waves in the barnyard Adriatic.

As I passed down the road I took a look back at the villa. The servants were opening the shutters again and a gardener was trundling a wheelbarrow toward the King of a Thousand Winds.

Grinagrams

"There is no dispute," wrote Bryan to Lloyd George, "that must be settled by force. All disputes are capable of adjustment by peaceful means." Does Brother Bryan recall his dispute with Champ Clark at the Democratic National convention in 1912? That affair, if we remember correctly, was "a war of extermination." Had it been anything less, Woodrow Wilson would not have been nominated.

England may not be for peace, but just the same, according to the cable news, speculators are getting options on "a large block of windows" facing Trafalgar Square, in anticipation of a peace parade soon. Is there no way of listing such things on the stock market, thus enabling "small investors" to buy windows on margin?

"The change that is to produce lasting peace must come from within. It must be made profitable to nations to dwell peacefully together, and to assist in the development of one another, just as it was made profitable for the sovereign States that now form the Union. One of the means of making it profitable for them is the abolition of protective tariffs."
— Professor Charles Zueblin.

That's all; just as simple as that. Merely make it as easy for one nation to trade with another nation as it is for one man to trade with another man. Everybody recognizes that free trade among the States of the Union is a fine thing and the essence of prosperity, so why wouldn't free trade the world over also be a fine thing and just as profitable? Protective tariffs perpetually remind us that neighboring nations are our enemies, and part of the Stand-pat notion of Preparedness for the United States after the war is a high tariff system which shall make natural exchange of products as difficult as possible. The cave-man began to progress when he ceased to regard his next-cave neighbor primarily as a foe, and nations will make just as much progress as the cave-man did when they learn the same lesson and apply it. But, say the cautious ones, think how many people in all nations are dependent upon the making of war materials for a livelihood. True; and likewise think sympathetically of the prehistoric maker of flint axes. His business fell off alarmingly when the cave-men began to swap products instead of blows.

Vernon Castle has opened a private American bar, with the latest New York cocktails and appetizers, at the British front.
— *The World*.

A little of the New York type of Preparedness.

"Remember, my boy," said the rich cold-storage magnate to the applicant for advice, "that an egg saved is an egg earned. Also, that it is the first thousand eggs that is hardest to get."

The Commissioner of Indian Affairs reports \$28,000,000 to have been the Red Man's income from farming and stock raising alone for the year ending June 30. Very shortly, we take it, the simple savage will worship the Great (Commercial) Spirit.

Frank Vanderlip, the banker, believes that expenditures and not incomes should be taxed. "Lavishness and extravagance," he says, "are by no means confined to those who receive great incomes." This, as the reader may note, will enable the tax-gatherer to reach and penalize the poor man who is guilty of having eggs, say, twice a week.

Charles E. Hughes has been named for the presidency of the New York State Bar Association. The nomination is equivalent to election.
— *Albany wire*.

Wherein it materially differs from another nomination with which Mr. Hughes was honored.

Judging by the Street Cleaning Commissioner's snow removal difficulties, New York will be lucky to get out of the trenches by Spring.

Villa has "gone into the movies to impress the citizens of the United States with the fact that Gen. Francisco Villa is not a blood-thirsty bandit." Now, if he could only double-up with Mary Pickford in some simple little rural drama, the job would be as good as done.

A New York magistrate accused a policeman of taking him "for a common, ordinary citizen." The common, ordinary citizen rises and bows his acknowledgments.

The war, it is said, has driven a large number of foreign thieves to this country. Must the American crook, accustomed to the American standard of living, be forced into competition with European cheap labor?



FARMER: "Ye're that N' Yawk box-office feller that told me all th' seats were sold. W-a-a, I'm booked up fer towin' autos fer three months ahead."



Pages From a Young Lady's Diary.

The Allies' reply to the Kaiser's peace proposal is almost as encouraging as General Grant's remark, "I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer."

A billion dollars will be spent in the United States for education next year. Some of it, we trust, will go to enlighten those members of the Republican National Committee who failed to find a lesson in the last presidential returns.

From certain manifestations of journalistic enterprise in this town, we judge that Europe sooner or later will have to decide which New York newspaper is to be formally thanked for having brought about peace. Is it too early to set the cross-page headline: "European rulers unite in paying tribute to the _____"?

Folks in Missouri are destined to pay more for their meat shortly. The packers have just paid a fine of \$62,500 for violating the Missouri anti-trust laws.

"If our enemies do not accept the magnanimous proposal, then we must convince them through still greater might and still greater successes that they cannot conquer us."
— *The King of Bavaria*.

As at Verdun, for example.

Many of the German soldiers captured lately at Verdun had been without food for two days, and when the French surged in on them, their only thought was to hide from the shells. Inconceivable selfishness! No wonder it is difficult to make "a popular hero" out of the Crown Prince.

Perhaps the problem of recruiting would be solved, and the day of conscription postponed, if a share of Bethlehem Steel went to every man enlisting with the colors.

According to a California stock raiser' mules love music, many of them having been broken in to tunes played on a phonograph. We can visualize dimly the successor to the Pony Ballet

The Rival Dancers

By Maxime Gorky

The district of St. Jacob is justly proud of its fountain, by which the immortal Giovanni Boccaccio was fond of resting and chatting merrily. Until last summer, a feature of which this district also took pride was Nuncia, the vegetable-vendor — the merriest person in the world and the first beauty of our quarter. Here the sun always stays a little longer than in other parts of the city. The fountain, of course, remains to this day the same as before; turning ever yellower with age, it will continue for a long time to attract foreigners by its amusing beauty — marble children do not grow old and never grow tired of playing.

And dear Nuncia died last summer, while dancing in the street.

She was too jolly and hearty a woman to live peacefully with her husband; he, however, did not understand that for a long time. He scolded her, cursed, threatened her with his fists, pointed at his knife and one day made use of it, stabbing someone in the side; but the police do not like such jokes and Stefano, after a term in prison, left for Argentina. A change of climate is very helpful to angry people.

At the age of twenty-three, Nuncia was left a widow with a five-year old daughter on her hands, a pair of donkeys, a vegetable garden and a cart. A merry person needs but little, and this was quite sufficient for her. She was able to work, and she had plenty of people willing to help her. When she was short of money to pay for their help, she paid with laughter and song, which are always better than money.

Not all the women were pleased with her mode of life, nor were all the men pleased; but as she was honest at heart, she would have nothing to do with married men, and she even frequently reconciled them with their wives. She used to say:

"If a man has stopped loving a woman, it means that he does not know how to love..."

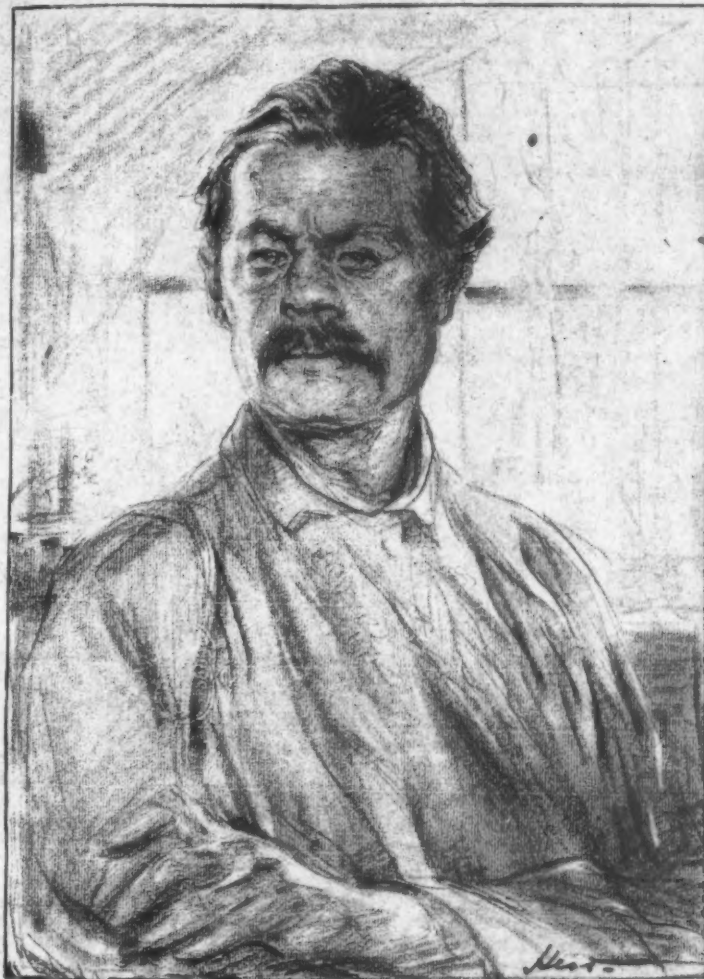
Arturo Lano, a fisherman who as a youth had studied at a seminary, preparing himself for the priesthood, and who had lost his way to Paradise, having strayed to the sea, to the taverns and to other places of amusement — Lano, who was great at composing merry songs, said to her one day:

"It seems that you think love is just as difficult a science as theology?"

She replied:
"I do not know any science, but I know all your songs!"

And she sang for the stout, barrel-shaped fisherman the merriest of all his songs.

He laughed, of course, hiding his clever



little eyes in the fat of his cheeks. Thus she lived, amusing herself and entertaining others — pleasant to all. Even her women friends grew reconciled with her, realizing that the character of a person was in one's bones and blood, recalling that even the saints could not always master themselves. . . .

For about ten years Nuncia shone like a star, recognized by everybody as the first beauty, the best dancer of the quarter, and had she been a girl, she would have been chosen as the queen of the market, for she was regarded by all as the queen.

She was pointed out to foreigners who came there, and many of them were very anxious to talk with her alone. This always made her laugh.

"What language will this washed-out signior speak to me?"

"He will speak to you the language of gold coins, you little fool," serious people assured her, but she replied:

"I cannot sell them anything but onions, garlic and tomatoes. . ."

There were instances when people who sincerely wished to give her good advice, spoke to her persistently:

"In one month, Nuncia, you could be rich! Think it over, remember that you have a daughter —"

"No," she retorted. "I love myself and I cannot humiliate myself! I know that it is but necessary to do something unwillingly once, and you lose your self-respect forever!" . . .

"But you treat others differently . . ."

"With my own I act as I please!"

"Oh, what do you call your own?"

She knew it:

"People among whom you have grown up and who understand you . . ."

But she had an affair with a certain Englishman — a very strange and taciturn man, who knew our language well. He was young, yet his hair was gray, and there was a scar across his face. He had the face of a murderer, and the eyes of a saint. Some said that he was writing books; others declared that he was a gambler. She even went away with him to Sicily and came back in very poor health. But he was hardly wealthy — Nuncia did not bring back any money or presents. And she lived again among her own, as always, full of the joy of living..

But one day — it was a holiday — as the people were coming out of church, someone remarked with an air of surprise:

"Look, Nina is beginning to look exactly like her mother!"

That was as true as a day in May: Nuncia's daughter, unnoticed by anyone, had developed into a star as bright as her mother. She was only fourteen, but full grown, with wavy hair and proud eyes; she looked much older.

Even Nuncia herself was amazed as she looked at her:

"Holy Madonna! Is it possible, Nina, that you want to be prettier than I?"

The girl answered with a smile:

"No, I want to be only like you. That is quite enough for me. . ."

And then for the first time people noticed a shadow of sadness on the face of the lively woman, and in the evening she said to her women friends:

"Here is our life! Before you have had time to drink half of your cup, another hand is stretching out to take it. . ."

Of course, at first there was not even a shade of rivalry between mother and daughter — Nina behaved modestly, carefully, looking at the world through her eyelashes and unwillingly opening her mouth in the

(Continued to page 32)



THE AIR POST CHICAGO TO N.Y.

EUROPE

WAR STOCKS

WAR STOCKS

WHEN BILLY SUNDAY COMES TO N.Y.,
"HEY, SATAN, YOU BIG BOOB COME OUT OF THERE"

Morris

UNEASY LIES THE HEAD THAT WEARS A CROWN.

FOOD TRUST

PEACE 'AT LAST THEY ARE TALKING ABOUT ME'

—Drawn by W. C. Morris

At Home and Abroad

THE NEWS IN RIME

Verses By BERTON BRALEY

Drawings By MERLE JOHNSON



With passion and fire
We plunk on our lyre,
Refreshed by our rest for awhile,
And sing of what's stirring,
Transpiring, occurring,
With all of our oldentime style.

To start with, there's New Year's,
A date which, a few years
Ago, meant a hot bowl of punch,
And friends, who with laughter
Would shake roof and rafter,
But now it means bills in a bunch.

The Peace Dove's emitted
A chirp and has flitted
Quite hopefully 'round the Allies,
Who scout at its mission
And cry, with suspicion,
"It's Troy's wooden horse in disguise!"

They add, "If the Kaiser
Just had an adviser
Who'd say to his nibs, 'Peace, be still!'
We might stop this slaughter
By land and by water;
But Wilhelm's tongue drives us to kill!"



In Wall Street the rumble
Of Peace caused a tumble
Of war babies, fearful to see;
For infants so fragile
Their climb was too agile;
Their nurses were careless, say we!

Our friend Pancho Villa
Again seems to be a
Most active cadaver, indeed;
Not far from the border
He's making disorder
With all of his earlier speed.

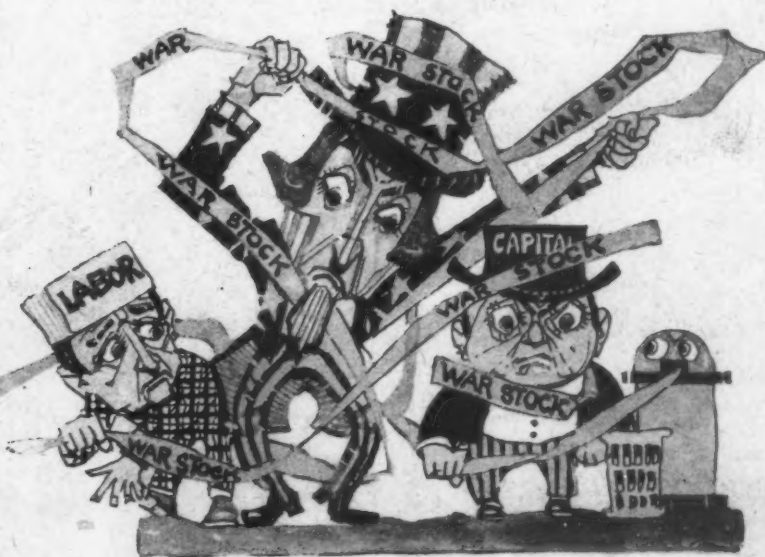
As prices grow taller,
The dollar seems smaller,
And gloom clouds the citizen's mien;
If things go on mounting
We soon shall be counting
A bone as the price of a bean.

O, Osborn's in prison—
That label's not his'n;
His true name is Wax, understand?
Like wax—the thought lingers—
Were girls, in his fingers,
And thus Wax waxed great in the land.

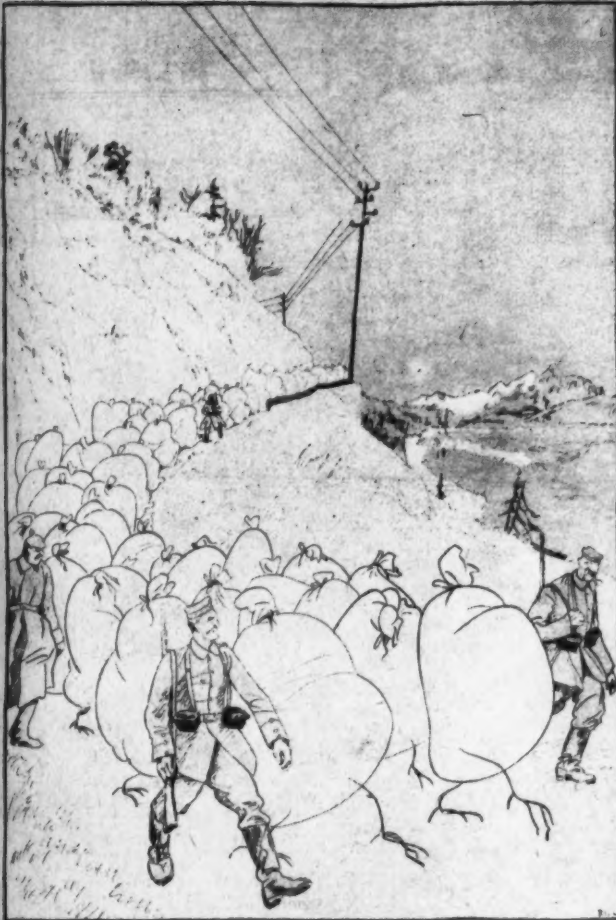
Bill Sunday, in Boston's
Redeeming the lost 'uns,
With loud shouts of "Glory, Amen!"
For Hub streets are angled
And twisted and tangled,
So everyone's lost, now and then!

The campaign this winter's
Disclosed that the sprinters
Of Austria's realm are outclassed;
Their record for fleeing
Is scarcely worth seeing,
Rumania has it surpassed.

Cold winds make us shiver,
The Hay bill's a flivver,
Conscription is now what we seek;
Lloyd George is Dictator,
The war debts grow greater,
—That's all we can think of, this week!



All in the Point of View



GERMANY CAPTURES THE FLOWER OF RUMANIA
From "Simplicissimus," Munich



ROYAL CONSOLATION
From "Ulk," Berlin



POLAND AND HER NEW SVENGALI
(As the French see it)
From "Le Rire," Paris



A SCENE FROM "THE YELLOW JACKET."

PLAYS • & • PLAYERS • BY • ALAN • DALE

This always strikes me as supremely, even iridescently odd: whenever a play is produced that is delicate, subtle, significant, or artistic, New York will reject it in the evening, and accept it in the afternoon. New York will positively give it the cold shoulder after eight p. m., and endorse it quite vigorously at two-thirty! The play will fail after dinner, and succeed after luncheon. We are so fantastical!

The present case that I have in mind is "The Jellow Jacket." This jocund little Chinese play was produced precisely four years ago at the Fulton Theatre, in the evening. We all raved about it critically, foundering and floundering as we were in the abysmal depths of musical comedy. The clever little play failed, in spite of honeyed words and sugary approval.

And now, in this particularly vivid year

of 1916, it has scored enormous success — at a series of matinées at the Cort Theatre! For a long time, it ran there as a sort of prelude to afternoon tea, and the result was remarkable.

It is not one bit more delightful now than it was in 1912. Its little Chinese story, flavored with wisps of quaint philosophy, and luridly kimona'd into spectacular beauty, is no more saliently set forth, but it succeeded. Why? Perhaps it was because the Tired Business Man was necessarily absent, and Mrs. Tired Business Man felt more intelligent while he was away.

Anyway, it is peculiar, isn't it? It looks as though all that is good, and out of the ordinary groove, and addicted to ideas, must be relegated to the matinee — the dark green matinée, as I have often called it. Yet "The Jellow Jacket" was not one of those dreadful things that appeal to the long-haired gentleman, and the emancipated lady. It was sheer delight, from a frolicsome point of view, but it was apparently the delight that the "evening performance" will not easily tolerate.

Mr. and Mrs. Coburn did complete justice to the delicate little play. Mr. Coburn as the *Chorus* was so admirably unctuous, and insinuating, that he did one's theatre-sense good. Schuyler Ladd, George Gaul, and Howard Kyle were also most praiseworthy. The entire cast was the evident result of careful thought.

You know, "Candida" made its first big success in the afternoon. Shaw's vogue

in America began at the afternoon tea hour. The tremendous popularity of Madame Nazimova started in the afternoon. Many other gorgeous events have occurred at that untheatrical period of the day.

Gentle aspirants for Manhattan's approval, bear this all in mind! If you feel that you have anything particularly clever and worthy, clamor for its production at tea-time. If you realize that you have evolved just the usual sort of dramatic fatigue, then insist upon the evening. And if you should score an admirable failure at night, remember that there is the sweet hour of gloaming, when appreciation seems to be keener — and the tea-cups tinkle.

Sarah Bernhardt waited until she was seventy to prove to us that in English she
(Continued to page 36)



DUNSANY'S "GOLDEN DODIA" - PORTMANTEAU



DUNSANY'S "GODS OF THE MOUNTAIN" - PORTMANTEAU



VOL. LXXX No. 2079



WEEK ENDING JANUARY 6, 1917

The Beginning of the End

PRESIDENT WILSON'S note to the powers on the question of peace was an epoch-making document. Forceful, dignified and clear, the President's note practically voiced the sentiment and temper of the neutral nations. Whatever its immediate effect, it was a declaration that must crystallize public sentiment throughout the World in favor of peace, leading to the termination of the war.

There is no doubt that President Wilson is destined to play a most important part in the negotiations that will bring about a readjustment based upon the principles of justice and liberty.

It was significant and gratifying that Lloyd George, in his important declaration on the German peace proposals, referred only to the United States as having presented the note to England, whereas the note was presented through several neutral powers, and through the Vatican. This means practically the recognition of the United States as mediator.

Premier Lloyd George's reply to the German peace proposals was vigorous and tactful, leaving the door open for further negotiations.

Germany's peace proposals were couched in language that was offensive to the Allies, but no German statesman could have dared to offer peace without boasting of German victories. He would have been mobbed by the people.

While European statesmen do not consult the people before plunging a country into war, they must prepare public opinion for peace, especially when they know that the people will discover in the end that the bloodshed was in vain, that nothing was gained through the war.

Lloyd George, as well as Briand and the Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs, has done the same thing. However eager they may all be for peace, they cannot meet the peace proposals made by the enemy without boasting of their own power and of their faith in their ultimate triumph.

The statesmen of the Allied countries also had to satisfy the people while preparing them for peace.

As we pointed out last week, all the belligerent governments are doubtless prepared to make greater concessions than people generally imagine, and it is quite likely that the exchange of diplomatic notes will lead to a conference in which reason and justice will prevail.

The war is nearing its end.

Don't Worry!

THE Public Health Service has issued a solemn warning against worrying, promising that long life shall be ours if we but banish all worries from our minds.

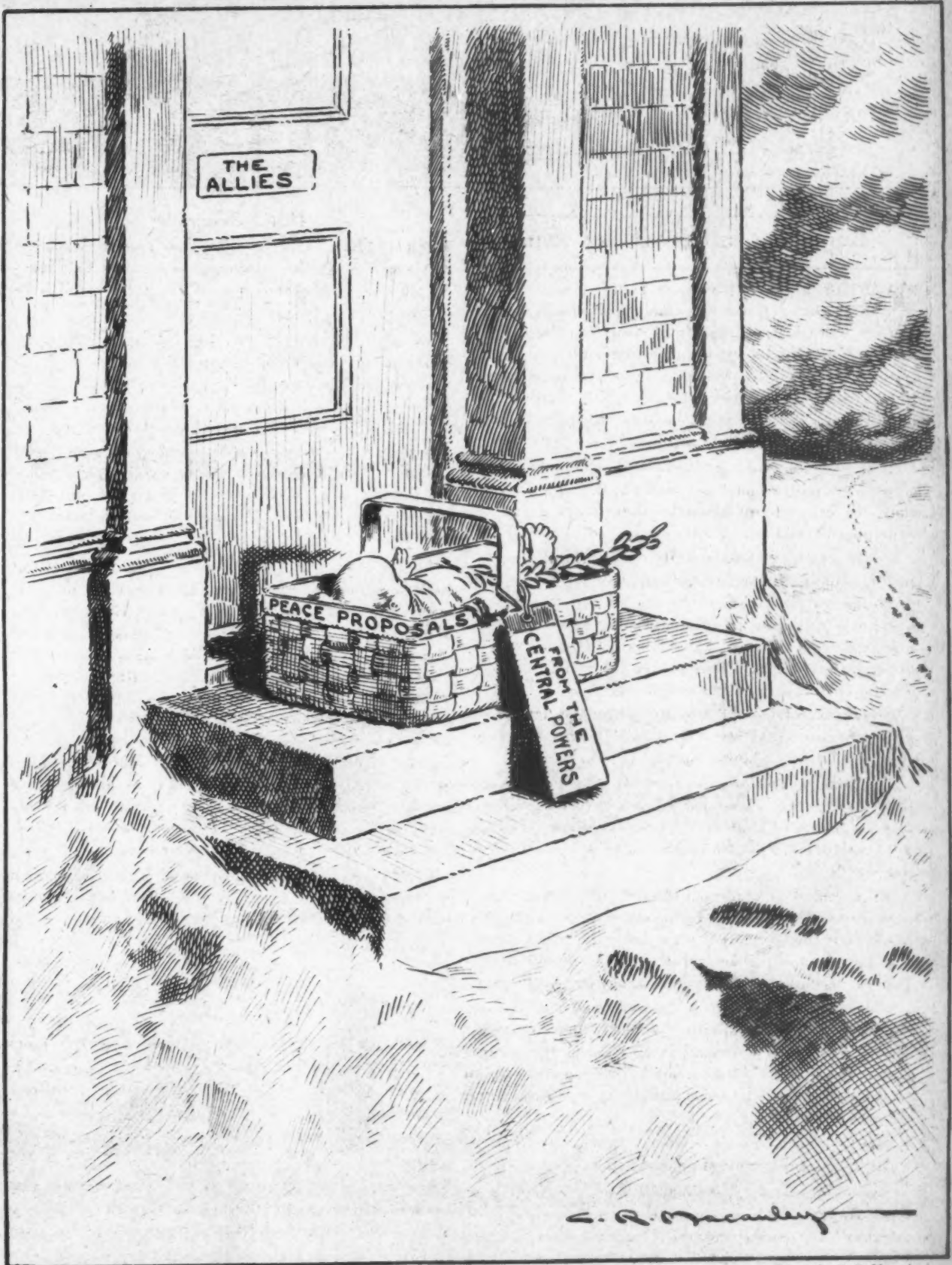
We used to say, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard." This bulletin would substitute: "Go to the bird, the squirrel, the fox and the dog, thou worrier." "No bird ever tried to build more nests than its neighbor." It reminds us, "No fox ever fretted because he had only one hole in which to hide. No squirrel ever died of anxiety lest he should not lay by enough nuts for two winters instead of one. No dog ever lost sleep over the fact that he did not have enough bones laid aside for his declining years."

All this seems reasonable enough at first glance, but then we must remember that birds don't build their nests on the easy payment plan, which requires them to spend the rest of their natural lives wondering where the payments are coming from. Foxes don't have to pay rent for their holes and so they don't have to dread the monthly visit of the landlord. Squirrels don't buy their nuts of speculating middle men and trusts that corner the supply and boost prices on the slightest pretext. The average dog, if he is any kind of dog at all, knows that the bones in his declining years will come from the same place as in his early years and that he is not likely to lose his job at forty-five or fifty on account of superannuation.

The Public Health Service may be on the right track in this matter, but there may be a number of points such as these, which have not occurred to them.

"Authorities"

A CANVASS of the "highest authorities" and "persons close to the belligerent governments" has it that the war will positively end in a month, that it will continue for several years, that the German peace terms are impossible, that the German peace terms are most generous, that the Germans haven't submitted any peace terms at all and don't intend to submit any, that Great Britain will not entertain the thought of peace at the present time, that Great Britain would be quite willing to have peace, that Great Britain doesn't know what she wants and that nobody knows anything about anything. Long live the "authorities!"



—Drawn by C. R. Macauley

Who Will Adopt It?

THIS HAPPENS—



JONES (who is no more a hypochondriac than most of us): Here I am, eating my usual diet of fried foods, canned meats, doughnuts, pie, wine, tea and coffee. It makes me sore to even think of wholesome foods like bran gems, eggs and milk. My stomach must be in a frightful condition! I will go at once and see a doctor.

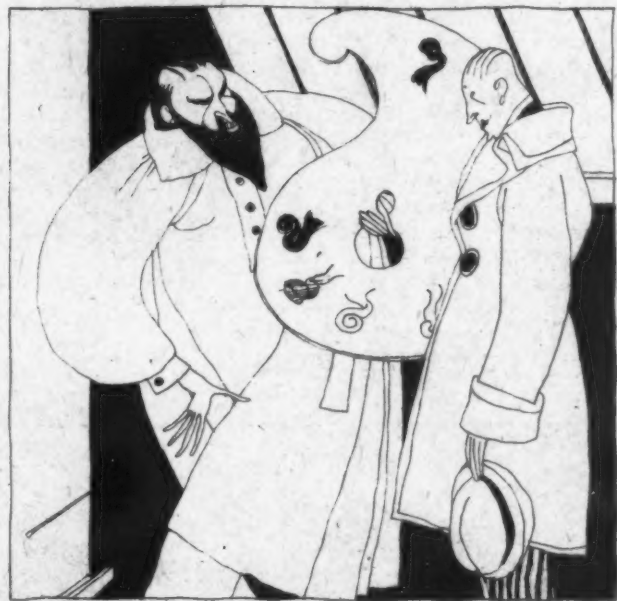


JONES (at the doctor's office): Doctor, although I feel A 1, my diet has been of a sort that must be ruinous to my digestion. I want you to examine me carefully and then tell me if you honestly think I am in need of the services of the profession which affords you a livelihood.

AND THIS NEVER DOES—



JONES (who is no more a hyperaesthete than most of us): Here I am, hanging my usual pictures: photographs of Roman ruins, meat packing companies' calendars, "Pharaoh's Horses," "art" photographs and enlarged crayon portraits. It makes me sore to even think of wholesome pictures like reproductions of the Old Masters. My soul must be in a frightful condition! I will go at once and see an artist.



JONES (at the artist's studio): Maestro, although I feel A 1, my pictorial surroundings have been of a sort that must be ruinous to my taste. I want you to examine me carefully and then tell me if you honestly think I am in need of the services of the profession which affords you a livelihood.

BUT THE DOCTOR DOESN'T MIND

By Ralph Barton

The True Story of Cinderella

By K. L. Roberts

A janitress has testified before the Wicks legislative investigators that she, as well as every other janitor and janitress of her acquaintance, makes a comfortable living by helping milkmen, icemen and bakers secure the trade of apartment-house tenants. The consumers are charged enough extra to pay for the janitorial rake-offs.

— News Item.

Once upon a time, in a magnificent apartment house with a solid marble entrance and pasteboard walls, there dwelt an eccentric individual who had bought Bethlehem Steel at 48 and then had been so ignorant and pig-headed that he had disregarded his broker's advice and hung onto it passionately until it hit 600 with a reverberating thud.

As a result he was socially prominent, and was admitted to all the hotel dining-rooms and *thés dansants* as freely as though he amounted to something.

He had been a confirmed gambler all his life; and one of his gambles had been his second marriage. In order to obtain a home for his daughter Cinderella, he had married a widow who was a skillful shot with a flat-iron or a coffee pot, and who possessed two daughters with curdled dispositions and faces that were capable of souring molasses. This gamble had not turned out profitably; and the necessity of looking into the faces of his wife and his two step-daughters during two meals a day had broken his spirit and ruined his digestion.

His daughter Cinderella was a charming girl with a happy disposition and a fashionable 34 figure; but both her disposition and her figure were heavily handicapped by the fact that her stepmother feared that she would interfere with her daughter's matrimonial chances unless she were obliterated with much fervor and gusto.

Consequently all sorts of indignities were imposed on Cinderella. She was forced to wash out the bath-tub in the morning, set

the mousetrap under the kitchen table in the evening, and open all the canned goods before every meal. Moreover, she was allowed to wear nothing but *passé* garments that had been discarded by her stepsisters; and she had to eat cooking eggs which possessed an odor strong enough to break the dining-room windows.

In spite of these hardships, Cinderella — probably because of the constant exercise — grew constantly slenderer and more ethereal; while her stepsisters, who doted on Harold Bell Wright and had plenty of leisure to sluice down an occasional Bronx or sneak a drag on a cigarette, waxed knobby around the hips and showed signs of developing dewlaps.

Now one evening, it came about that Cinderella's stepmother and stepsisters were preparing to attend a ball at the Vanderplush Hotel, when Cinderella, being weary of caring for the Pomeranian and washing the dishes, begged to be taken with them.

At this Cinderella's mother flew into a rage, struck her in the face with a Welsh rabbit in a most cruel manner, and chased her into the cellar, where she left her with strict orders to keep the furnace fire burning in order that their apartment might be warm when they returned from the ball — for, as is the case in many apartments, the janitor was nowhere to be seen. Greatly depressed by this treatment, Cinderella threw herself into the coal-bin and sobbed herself to sleep.

When she awoke, a stranger stood before her. Fearing that it was a spy in the pay of her stepmother, Cinderella at once started to her feet, picked up two whole pieces of coal, and cast them recklessly into the furnace.

The stranger stared at her in amazement. "You are the first janitress I have ever seen," he cried, "who was generous enough to put on more than one piece of coal at a time. You are a business woman after my own heart!"

"Who are you and what do you want?" asked Cinderella, shaking the coal-dust out of her eyebrows.

"I represent the Chalkwater Milk Company," replied the stranger. "We are anxious to secure a foothold in this apartment-house. If you will see that we obtain its trade, I will give you twenty-five dollars."

"You are a cheap piker," replied Cinderella coldly, having quickly grasped the possibilities in the situation. "I will get the patronage of this apartment-house for you if you will get me a ball-gown, an evening wrap, a taxicab and a ticket to the dance at the Vanderplush Hotel."

"Done!" cried the representative of the milk company quickly. "I'll be back in twenty minutes."

Thus it was that Cinderella went to the great ball at the Vanderplush Hotel, met the handsome son of the president of the Paperskin Shoe Company, who had made a billion dollars selling shoes to the Allies, and agreed to allow him to call on the following evening and present her with a trunkful of sample shoes in token of his esteem.

But when she left the party early and returned to her home ahead of her family in order to square things with the janitor, she found a representative of the Janitors' Union No. 17 awaiting her at the door of the apartment-house. The union had discovered her dealings with the milk company, and had sent the representative to her for the purpose of fixing up a deal whereby the union should pay her ten dollars a week to keep her mouth shut and not spoil the janitors' graft.

Cinderella, needing the money badly and being of an inventive turn of mind, agreed to say that the ball-gown, the evening wrap, the taxicab and the dance-ticket, had been given to her by her fairy godmother, and to stick to the essential facts, no matter what happened. She added the fancy detail concerning the glass slipper so that the affair would make a better story when it got into the newspapers.

In this way it has come to be generally believed that Cinderella's initial social success was attained by supernatural means, though her stepmother and stepsisters suspected her of being a liar, and expired from curiosity with great unction and thoroughness. Only the janitors know what a fabrication it all is.

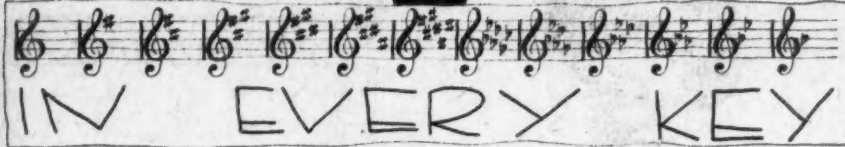
ADVENTURES ON THE CLOTHES-LINE



"You can leave off your flannels, Spring is coming."

"But it's a long ways off."

"Oh, no! Just see—the back-bone of Winter is broken!"



By Benjamin De Casseres

Epitaphs of the Living

- H. G. Wells — The wingless Martian.
- George Bernard Shaw — Mademoiselle Satan.
- Kaiser Wilhelm — Napoleon IV.
- G. K. Chesterton — Wilde's last epigram.
- W. J. Bryan — The last of the peace palaces.
- William Sunday — Yesterday come back.
- Woodrow Wilson — The Gulliver of his own Lilliput.
- Tagore — The James Whitcomb Riley of Yogis.
- Romain Rolland — A Noah's Ark without an Ararat.
- Hiram Johnson — The Plumed Knight of the Pacific.
- Richard Le Gallienne — The plush saddle of Pegasus.
- Von Tirpitz — The Jesse James of the Seas.
- Captain Koenig — The Sir John Jellicoe of the depths.

Sparks from the Asphalt

It was the steam radiator that first discovered the beat and the secret of *vers libre* when the janitor was turning the steam on.

With eggs going up into the empyrean, it is in order for the grand inquisitors of things-in-general to inquire into this propaganda in Henland for the birth control of eggs.

Now that Europe has returned to old-fashioned time again, the Earth will resume its tranquil course around the Sun, and the astronomers can get back to their old job of predicting the exact hour of the return of Halley's comet.

Moralists are the doctors of imaginary men.

Page from an American Novel, 1919

The moon hung low in the western heavens. A breeze sung through the reeds. It was night, lovely night. Doris and Charles approached the river bank, arm in arm. In their hearts

_____ *censored.* _____ but
 Love, the great cosmic force _____
 _____ *censored.* _____
 _____ approached
 the Grape-juice Café of the village. Doris

still clinging to the arm of Charles. They showed their passports to the vigilant Mann White-slave Agent stationed at the drugstore.

"Ah," sighed Doris, as she quaffed off the grape-juice, "your eyes, d_____ t Charles _____ *censored.* _____"

The intuitions of woman are the soft pillows on which the hard-headed reasonings of man may rest — and sleep.

Study the timbre of his laugh if you want to know the depth of his tragedy.

The Tragic Bluffer

I saw Martial Courage fleeing in a dark night when even the stars slept
 And the world lay huddled in dreams,
 Saw him fleeing toward his home in the bosom of Cowardice,
 Fleeing from the ironic eye of Truth,
 That threw into his wake its gray enormous eye.

The early closing of French cafés and places of amusement and the selection of certain days each week as amusement "fast days" will give the people of France an excellent chance to get acquainted with French literature.

Swapping Capitals

In 1920 the countries involved in the Amazing War will stand about like this, we believe: — Russia will be in Vienna; Germany will be in Petrograd; the French will be in Berlin; Germany will be in London; the Italians will be in Trieste; the Austrians will be in Venice; Turkey will be in Odessa; Russia will be in Constantinople; the Allies will be in Belgrade; the Bulgars will be in Salonika; the Serbians will be in Sofia; the Bulgars will be in Bucharest.

Who wins? Portugal, of course. Because no foreign army will be in Portugal, and Portugal herself will be — in Portugal.

Many a man deludes himself with the idea that he was born to command — and then goes off and gets married.

Life and the Metaphysicians

Three ants one day met in the Great Ant Academy and began a discussion on the nature of Man.

One ant insisted that Man was infinite, another insisted that he was finite, while the third denied that Man existed.

For this absurd statement he was put to death by the other two, who before they could resume their discussion were stamped out under the heel of a baker's boy singing a love song.

He Swung It

MRS. YOUNGWIFE: My husband is a very influential man in politics.

FRIEND: You don't say!

MRS. YOUNGWIFE: Yes. George has voted in two Presidential elections and both times it has gone the way George voted.

Happiness has no biography.

Fast is Time. Deep is Eternity. And yet, some of us try to be both fast and deep.

Unlock your heart only to the tried and chosen few. Don't add your key to the collection on the other fellow's key-ring.



How can a man who is so polite on the surface



be so rude underneath?



This Little Girl Has Always Been An Active Out-Door Baby

Her Mother Writes:

"Virginia still loves Grape-Nuts and always did. When she stopped taking her bottle, I did not want to begin feeding her everything, so decided on Grape-Nuts with hot milk.

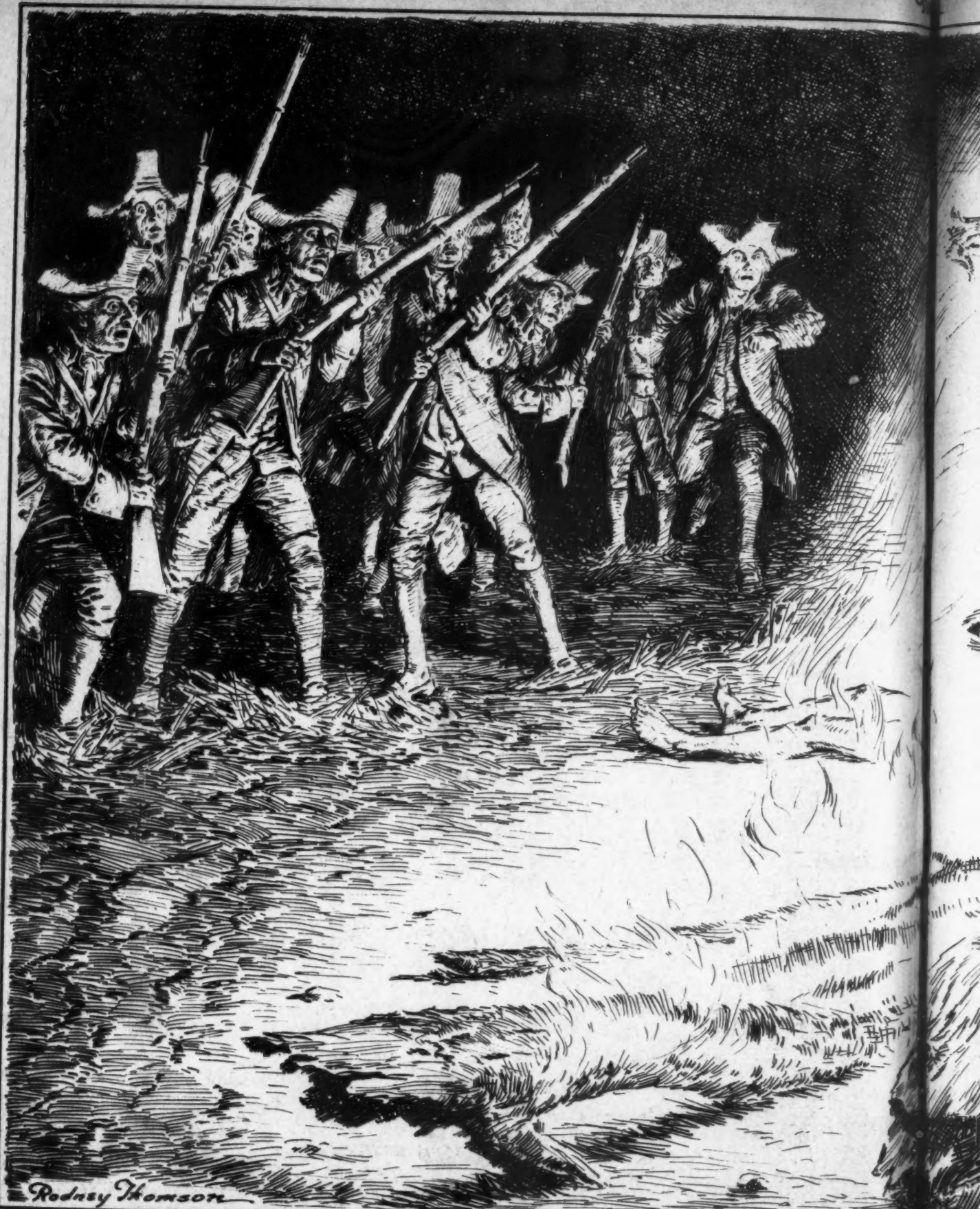
"She thrived on it perfectly and for months ate nothing else. She still has it for breakfast, but, of course, eats other things now." Name given on request by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

GRAPE-NUTS

supplies in delicious and easily digestible form an abundance of the simple, thorough nourishment so essential to health in growing children, and to mental and bodily vigor in adults.

Mothers everywhere have found Grape-Nuts a big factor in keeping smiles and good cheer in the home.

"There's a Reason"



Rodney Thomson

The Escape of David Emanuel from Cap



from Capt. Brantley's party of Loyalists.

Pictorial History of America

V

A Jewish Governor of Georgia

IT WAS growing late in the afternoon of a summer day in the year 1781, as three men advanced warily through the woods along McBean Creek in Burke county, Georgia. In those dim forest aisles, to which the palmettoes gave a funereal appearance, all was so hushed and still that the mere snapping of a dry bit of branch as the foot was placed upon it would have caused an alarming sound. But no such missteps occurred, for these men in their homespun and their hickory shirts, with their rifles ready for instant use in their hands, were cunning American woodsmen; and they proceeded soundlessly in their scouting expedition against the British.

At that time, as it had been from the very outbreak of the Revolution, Burke County was the scene of many severe skirmishes between patriot and royalist. Numerous guerillas of note who harried the British unmercifully up and down the countryside had sprung from the fighting. And it was one of these, David Emanuel, who with two comrades composed the little scouting party.

They glided out into a little clearing. And then, suddenly, every green bush surrounding them seemed to give bloom to a great red flower. They had fallen into a redcoat ambush. Against the numbers opposed to them fighting was useless, and they surrendered.

In Emanuel, the British recognized one whose fame as a scout and guerilla leader was widespread. Every Georgia historian tells us he had made a great reputation for courage and daring. With what vindictive delight, therefore, his capture was greeted, one can easily imagine. With his companions, Lewis and Davis, he was taken before the British commander, Captain Brantley. And now one of the dark episodes which blot the history of British arms in that conflict occurred. They had been taken openly and with arms in their hands. They were entitled to the ordinary consideration shown captives of war. But, instead, they were treated as spies and condemned to instant death.

A firing squad of three was told off; and each, it was agreed, should fall heir to the clothing and personal possessions of the man he should kill. Inasmuch as the disagreeable duty

was distasteful to the regulars, renegade mulattoes were chosen to act as executioners.

When they were captured, the day was already well advanced. By now the moonless night had closed down, bringing impenetrable darkness. A huge fire was kindled in the middle of the clearing. Its tossing flames threw weird and flickering light over everything—over the encircling trees and brush, the glinting swords of the officers and the red coats of the men.

The Americans were stripped of all but their shirts, for the mulattoes did not care to have their future possessions blood-stained and bullet-torn. The clothing was then tossed into a heap awaiting the disposition of the executioners, and the men were placed with their backs to the fire. Their forms were sharply outlined against the ruddy flames. They made easy targets for the three, who stood with leveled rifles, awaiting the command to "Fire!"

But at the last moment David asked permission to pray, and his request was granted. During the few moments that he knelt, a solemn hush fell on his companions beside him, on the mulattoes with their rifles to their shoulders, on the groups of officers and soldiers. Even the night wind ceased to stir the lofty treetops. Only the whinnying and the restless movements of the horses tethered in the shadows could be heard. When his prayer was finished, David arose. And then, with their faces composed and firm, all three waited for death.

"Fire," the command rang out.

Three shots answered, but only two forms fell.

The bullet intended for Emanuel's breast had missed its mark. He turned, and, giving a tremendous bound, cleared the fire. For a moment or two, his enemies, unable to grasp what had happened, stood motionless and gaping. Then they were galvanized into activity; and, while some fired wildly into the darkness, others leaped to the fire, seized pine knots from the glowing heap and with these as torches ran into the woods in pursuit. But that moment of indecision had been costly.

"Emanuel jumped among the horses, which were near," writes the historian Sherwood. "The night was dark, and,

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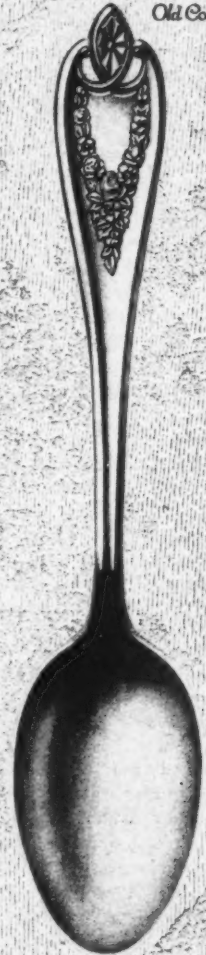
1847 ROGERS BROS.

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Character
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leaping into a swamp, he sank almost to his neck. His pursuers, muttering their curses, passed several times near him, but a kind Providence permitted him to escape their notice. When all was still he crept out and in the morning made his way to the army of General Twiggs."

This was David Emanuel, who later became governor of Georgia, the first Jew to be chief executive of an American state and the only member of his race to hold such position until the election of Moses Alexander as Governor of Idaho in 1908.

While the later events of David Emanuel's life, when he attained prominence, have been preserved by historians, his antecedents are not so clear. In fact, a number of Georgia chroniclers merely state that both his birthplace and the original home of his family are unknown. Others, however, variously assign Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia as the family's point of origin. The probability is that, as White asserts in his "Historical Collections of Georgia," David Emanuel was born in Pennsylvania in 1744. (Other writers place the date two years earlier.) He was the son of John Emanuel, of German extraction, and was named after the latter's brother, David. Later, the two brothers, John and David, migrated with their families to Lunenburg County, Virginia, and thence to Georgia in 1756. That John and David Emanuel were men of substance

(Continued to following page)

Star Odors

"I smell the stars," writes Boston's greatest poetess and Free-Versifier. This is interesting, if true. No astronomer, ardent though he might be, has ever claimed to have detected any odor emanating from the stars. It may be that our noses have been dulled by centuries of indiscriminate smelling; and that a member of the Boston cult of Brahmins was needed to discover the secret of paralyzing the active olfactory nerves and bringing into play the subconscious olfactory senses. However it is that the lady succeeded in smelling the stars, there are few so hardened as not to hope that she will instruct the world in the gentle art of star-smelling. One of the unpleasant features of observing the stars through a long summer night is the manner in which the long-continued attention makes the eyes water. How much more enjoyable to loaf around on a mossy bank with closed eyes and smell the constellations. How much more romantic to instruct a maiden in distinguishing the delicate nuances of star-perfume. And in these days of political stench, evil odors from the Mexican boundary, and other offensive disturbances, it will be a relief to spend a night in the open every now and then and get a nosful of essence-of-star. We won't mind a bit if we occasionally scent a spoiled or over-ripe star. We await the instructions of the Boston poetess with ill-concealed impatience.

A SWEET SURPRISE!

Whitman's

Sampler



A surprise because of the quaintness and originality of the Sampler box. And undeniably sweet to every woman because of the unique assortment of the leading Whitman kinds—chocolates and confections.

Our seventy-four years of successful candy-making have borne no finer fruit than this delightful Sampler package.

Whitman's are the National Sweets. You can obtain the Sampler at our agencies almost everywhere (or from us for \$1). The freshness is guaranteed. Illustrated booklet of 125 Whitman candies on request.

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THE WORLD'S BEST

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Toledo, Ohio

The Aristocrat of the Kitchen

AN expressive name for "Standard" One-piece, White Enameled Kitchen Sinks—given by an enthusiastic user of one.

"Aristocratic" because of their beauty, cleanliness and sturdiness of construction.

No cracks or crevices to catch dirt, adjustable height, up to 36 inches, non-splashing faucets, and air chambers that prevent "pounding", are distinctive features.

Special Efficiency Kitchen Bulletin sent on request.

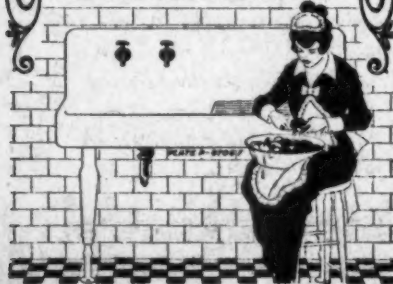
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Dept. 70 Pittsburgh, Pa.

"Standard" SHOWROOMS

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BOSTON	188 DEVONSHIRE
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PITTSBURGH	108 SIXTH
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CHICAGO	14-30 W. PEORIA
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CLEVELAND	4409 EUCLID
CINCINNATI	833 WALNUT
TOLEDO	811-821 ERIE
COLUMBUS	348-355 S. THIRD
YOUNGSTOWN	218 N. CHAMPION
WHEELING	8120-30 JACOBS
ERIE	188 W. TWELFTH
LOS ANGELES	871 WESQUIT
LOUISVILLE	219 W. MAIN
NASHVILLE	815 S. TENTH
NEW ORLEANS	848 BARONNE
HOUSTON	PRESTON & SMITH
DALLAS	1200-1208 JACKSON
SAN ANTONIO	212 LOSOYA
FORT WORTH	828-830 MONROE
TORONTO, CAN.	59 E. RICHMOND
HAMILTON, CAN.	50 W. JACKSON
SAN FRANCISCO	140-55 BLUKOME
DETROIT OFFICE	HARMOUD BLDG.
KANSAS CITY OFFICE	RESERVE BANK BLDG.

"Standard" Kitchen Sinks



Pictorial History of America

(Continued from preceding page)

and standing in the community is gathered from frequent references to them in the "Acts of the General Assembly of the Colony of Georgia." And John Emanuel's son not only sturdily upheld the good name handed down to him, but even added to it greatly.

At the time the Revolution flamed into being, he was thirty-two years old and had been living in Burke County some six or eight years. It is not clear whether he settled in Burke County in 1768 or 1770. What is clear, however, is that he was a person of consequence. For, in 1774, he had been elected a justice of the peace. And, moreover, it was not long after he joined the patriot ranks that he became a member of the Executive Council which governed the military affairs of Georgia during the war.

Throughout the years 1776 to 1781, he fought in various engagements and had a hand in the direction of affairs through his membership in the council. His adventures were numerous. That reckless daring which he later displayed in escaping from Brantley's men was forever cropping out in his exploits. It made him a favorite of the people.

In the North, pitched battles were fought and armies of fair size were pawns in the game of war. But in the South, and especially in Georgia, where all was swamp or wilderness, the tactics of warfare were vastly different. They were guerilla-like; and, because of their nature, personal strength and

Baby

(Revised in the Eugenic manner)

Where did you come from, Baby dear?
Out of Eugenics into here.

Where did you get those eyes of blue?
Father's got 'em, and Mother, too.

What makes the light in them sparkle and spin?

Only the very best blue went in.

Where did you get that little tear?
Somebody spanked me when I got here.

What makes your forehead so smooth and high?

Look at my parents—then ask me why.

What makes your cheek like a warm, white rose?

Eugenics, booby! Whadyer s'pose?
Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss?

Father and Mother have smiles like this.

Where did you get that pearly ear?

It grew—eugenic truths to hear.

Where did you get those arms and hands?

Birthday present, eugenic brands.

Feet, whence did you come, you darling things?

Oh, Science chose 'em instead of wings.

How did they all just come to be you?

Eugenics approved, and so I grew.

But how did you come to us, my dear?

You were passed O. K., so I beat it here.



"My Check's Been Raised - And You Don't Even Know Who Cashed It?"

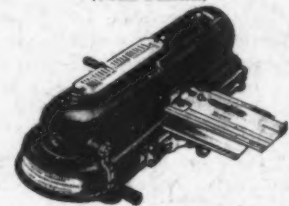
BANKER: Of course not. It's payable to "Bearer." Anyone could cash it.

DEPOSITOR: But I never drew a check to "Bearer" in my life.

And there you are! Somebody took this man's check, raised it to ten times the original amount, then erased the payee's name with acid and substituted the word "Bearer." It was his genuine check, with his own signature. He hadn't a chance in the world.

Protectograph Check Writer

(Todd Patents)



Writes and Protects in Two Colors—
Amount words in Red; Denominations in Black

TEN DOLLARS SIX CENTS

Provides the protection that has never failed. The characters are "shredded" into the paper and acid-proof ink in two colors forced through and through the shreds under pressure. (Todd Patents).

PROTOD Chemical Fibre Checks

(Registered)

PROTOD checks and drafts, furnished only to owners of Todd machines, are proof against substitution of names or bleaching. No forger can obtain your PROTOD check, because every sheet of PROTOD is registered, safeguarded and executed in our own Printing Bureau.

Protectograph Check Writer to protect the amount. PROTOD Chemical-Fibre checks to prevent forgery or substitution of names and dates—that's the Todd System.

Send on your business letterhead for a "Real Life Detective Story," a book on Check Frauds by a famous detective who gives real facts and actual incidents.

Todd Protectograph Co.

(Established 1899)

1166 University Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

individual courage counted for much. Both these Emanuel displayed. He became, therefore, a popular hero, and folk-tales grew up about him.

And, as Robin Hood took to the fastnesses of Sherwood Forest, so David Emanuel built himself a stronghold in the Georgia glades. Thick woods which were admirably adapted for defense and for cover after the carrying-out of swift raid or foray against the British, lay south of Augusta. Here, towards the end of the war, when the British overran practically the entire State, Emanuel and a company of followers built a group of log cabins and a fortress and set up headquarters. The frontiersmen came with their wives and children; there were thirty families in all. "Rebel Town," the British called it. And many a night, under cover of darkness, the patriots would dash out to harry the British and the Tories, to strike and be gone ere the bewildered enemy could comprehend whence the blow had fallen.

Moreover, in these closing years of the war, Emanuel served his state and country in civil offices as well as in the field. In 1782, he was appointed a justice of the peace for Burke County by the Assembly. And, in July, 1783,

(Continued to following page)

Foiled Again!

Diogenes, in his persistent search for an honest man, had worn out another pair of shoes. Reluctantly he entered a shoe store and asked the clerk for his regular brand of footgear.

"These shoes have doubled in value since the war began," stated the clerk. "Unless the shoe manufacturers give up using so much leather and use more cloth in their products, shoes will eventually sell at thirty dollars the pair."

Ruefully regarding his depleted pocket-book, Diogenes visited a cloth merchant to discuss the matter with him. "Cloth has gone up frightfully," declared the merchant, as soon as Diogenes entered the door. "Unless tailors use paper in manufacturing their garments, a decent suit of clothes will soon be cheap at one hundred dollars."

Without stopping to argue the question further, Diogenes hastened to a paper manufacturer, to find out why he didn't get together with the cloth merchant and thus reduce the cost of living.

"It's terrible," observed the paper manufacturer before Diogenes had done more than speak about the lovely weather, "it's terrible how expensive paper has become. It has doubled in price in the last two years; and I freely predict that unless we can learn how to make paper out of hot air, a sheet of writing-paper will eventually cost twelve and one-half cents."

Realizing that he had finally tracked the blame for the high cost of living to Hot Air and its refusal to allow itself to be made into paper, Diogenes lit his lantern sadly and resumed his hopeless search for an honest man.



The one oven ware

Pyrex is transparent! The progress of baking may be seen through the dishes. Uncertainty in baking is forever banished. Pyrex indeed marks a new era in baking.

In addition this wonderful Pyrex has many unusual qualities. It absorbs heat so that baking is more quickly and thoroughly done and the food is so much better baked. Yet the hard flint-like sides of Pyrex dishes absorb no odors nor flavors, making Pyrex-baked food so savory and appetizing. Try Pyrex. Once in your home it will be used forever.

Many shapes and sizes from ramekins at 15c to large casseroles at \$2. Dealers in house-wares everywhere sell Pyrex. Ask them for booklet.

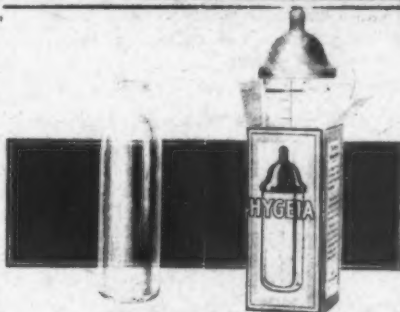
PYREX

Transparent OVEN-WARE

Trade Mark Reg.

Has the name on every piece

CORNING GLASS WORKS, 119 Tioga Ave.
CORNING, N. Y., U. S. A. Established 1868



Baby's Bottle is Washed 5000 Times

In two years' nursing your baby will feed from a bottle 5,000 times. Suppose the bottle is clean 4,901 times. Do you want your baby to run the risk of germs those other 99 times? The Hygeia can be cleaned clean every time. You can trust a servant to care for the Hygeia bottle.

Hygeia

NURSING BOTTLE

—neckless, as easy to clean as a glass tumbler, therefore safe and sanitary. And the rubber breast is broad and yielding yet non-collapsible—the nearest to natural nursing possible. A bottle endorsed by physicians, nurses and thinking mothers everywhere.



Look for name Hygeia on bottle, breast and carton
THE HYGEIA NURSING BOTTLE CO., Inc.
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For coloring candies, cakes, frostings, jellies, ice creams and other desserts. Their use adds the dainty note of color and gives appetizing variety. Pure and harmless colors in convenient and economical paste form.

Green	Chestnut
Red	Yellow
Blue	Violet
Caramel	Scarlet
Rose	Orange

If your grocer cannot supply you, write us, giving his name and we will see that you are supplied. We will send also on request our 36 page recipe book giving full particulars as to using these colors.

JOSEPH BURNETT CO.

36 India Street, Boston, Mass.

Quality alone
determines
the Price of

WHITTALL RUGS

Each change in Price is occasioned solely by a corresponding proportionate change in technical specifications which govern the Quality and determine the cost.

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273 Brussels Street
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Pictorial History of America

(Continued from preceding page)

he was elected to the Assembly. In February of the following year he was again appointed a justice for Burke County.

When the war was over, Burke County once more sent its most prominent citizen to represent it in the Legislature. And, when in 1785, the Constitutional Convention met to draw up the legal structure upon which the new government should stand, he was one of its members, as he was likewise of the second convention, which met in 1795 to finish the work.

In describing Emanuel, Sherwood tells us he was "a fine-looking man, amiable, of good judgment and inflexible integrity." Good judgment and inflexible integrity—these are the rare qualities which make for the best public servants. And that the people of Georgia recognized them in Emanuel is attested by the honors they heaped upon him.

When, in 1796, the "Yazoo Land Frauds," whereby a group of individuals sought to deprive the State of a vast amount of public domain, agitated the people, they turned to Emanuel for guidance. He was appointed one of the commission of three which was delegated to investigate and uproot the conspiracy, and well he performed his task. A year later, we find him presiding over the State Senate as President, a post which he held for four years. And, at the end of that time, the highest honor of all fell to him. He became the sixth governor of Georgia, March 3, 1801.

Whether he was elected to the office or whether, for some cause, the chair



OLD TIMER: "No, young fellow, we don't have real snowstorms any more. Look at them flakes. Why, they ain't half as fleecy as they useter be."

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Models for the average, slender, petite and stout figures in all lengths, heights and materials. Price \$3.50, \$5, \$6.50, \$8, \$10 and upwards at YOUR local stores.

Upon request to Department K, we will send free our handsome new catalog, the "Royal Blue Book"

ROYAL WORCESTER CORSET CO.
WORCESTER, MASS.

New York Chicago San Francisco

became vacant, and he succeeded to it by virtue of his office as President of the Senate, is uncertain. Although Smith and Sherwood declare for the latter assumption, other authorities, such as White and the publications of the Southern Historical Association, assert that Emanuel was duly elected in 1801. Certain it is, however, that the laws of that year were signed, "David Emanuel, Governor."

Early in life, Governor Emanuel married a Miss Ann Lewis, of whose antecedents little is known, but who is believed to have been a Jewess and to have come from Maryland. They had two daughters, one of whom married the Hon. James Welch, a member of the Legislature, and the other Benjamin Whittaker, for many years Speaker of the House of Representatives.

There were others of Governor Emanuel's family, besides himself, who also figured prominently in the battles for liberty in the South. His brother, Levi Emanuel, was commissioned a second lieutenant by the Council of Safety as early as July 2, 1776. And General John Twiggs, the Revolutionary commander with whom he found refuge after his daredevil exploit, was his brother-in-law, the husband of his sister, Ruth. And two of his grandsons later became high

(Continued to following page)

Rubaiyat of a Flat Dweller

Poor dub, awake! The neighbors' hoarse alarm

Has robbed your morning doze of all its charm.

For lo! He sets the thing at half past five,
A frightful hour, to keep his job from harm.

And though, perchance, you need not rise till eight,

What boots the will of man against his fate?

The waiter, misnamed dumb, will serve to shake

With creak and buzz the sleep from any pate.

Each morn a thousand noises seems to bring;
And though you writhe in bed and madly cling

To pillow, blanket, sheet,—no hope!
Forbear!

Your goat is got; you can not do a thing.

Alas, the milk is gone! No tracer shows
Who takes the stuff from you or whence it goes;

But he who lives below and takes your tips,
He knows about it all, *he* knows, *he* knows.

Yes, that perverted tank you call the Janitor,
Who works the game to suit his plan,—

Look not to him for help, for he, mayhap,
Has seething milk of yours within his can.

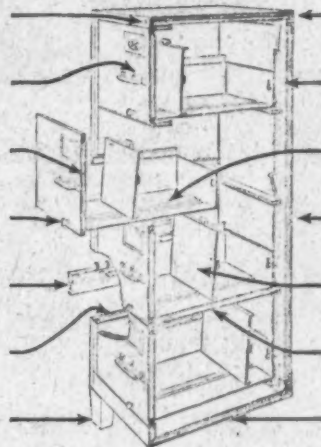
A janitor who scorns the vinous bough,
A clock next door that can not raise a row,

A flat without a phonograph next door,—
Ah, any rooms were Paradise enow!

—Elias Lieberman.



FIRE— WALL STEEL



Don't pass this illustration by. This diagram reveals the secret of the superior construction of "Y and E" Steel Cabinet.

1. "I and A" Lock; 2. Spring Latch Lock; 3. Drawer Fronts; 4. Guide Rod; 5. Frictionless Steel Roller Suspension Slides; 6. Outer and Inner Ends; 7. Sanitary Base Unit; 8. Outer and Inner Top; 9. "I and A" Lock Sliding Channel Bar; 10. Vertical Drawers with Frictionless Suspension Slides; 11. Outer and Inner Backs; 12. Improved Steel Compressors; 13. Extra Steel Partitions between each drawer; 14. Outer and Inner Bottom.

Offers the only real protection obtainable in a steel filing cabinet, against fire and extreme heat. Is built like a safe; all exposed walls are double dead air chambers and asbestos between. This is an exclusive feature of "Y and E" Fire-Wall Steel, offered in no other type of cabinets.

As an additional protection, all drawers in "Y and E" steel cabinets are equipped with automatic spring safety latches which hold them closed until released.

Take no chances when buying steel cabinets. Buy "Y and E" Fire-Wall Steel and thus get the maximum protection obtainable in a filing cabinet. The line includes cabinets for every purpose.

Three standard finishes are offered. The olive is new, distinctive, and very handsome, and the oak and mahogany are such faithful reproductions of high grade cabinet woods that people generally have to tap them before they can believe the material is steel.

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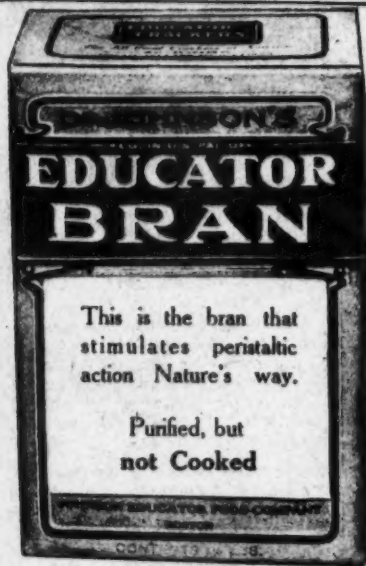
"ALL my life every magazine I've looked into has had a picture of a man's leg with a certain kind of garter on it—Boston! So when I go into a store to buy a pair of garters I just naturally say 'Boston.' So do you!"
—AMBROSE PEASE

Boston Garter

SILK 50 Cents LIBLE 25 Cents

Wool Grip

Gives men more service and more comfort for its cost than any other article they wear. It's put on and taken off in a jiffy and holds socks neatly and securely.
GEORGE FROST CO., MAKERS, BOSTON




EDUCATOR BRAN

This is the bran that stimulates peristaltic action Nature's way.

Purified, but not Cooked

No Animal Matter in Educator WAFERS



Many families serve Educator Wafers on their tables daily, the same as bread. Buttered as eaten, Educator Wafers make everything else taste better, and make you want to eat.

Pictorial History of America

(Continued from preceding page)

army officers. They were General David Emanuel Twiggs, a namesake, and Major Levy Twiggs, who was killed at the storming of Chapultepec in the Mexican War.

At length, in 1808, at the age of 64, Governor Emanuel died at his country home, ten miles northeast of Waynesboro. The location of his grave is no longer known, and whatever commemorative stone was placed there doubtless long since has fallen into ruin and decay. But there stands to his memory to-day a monument brighter than plates of brass, more lasting than the finest marble. For, only four years after his death, the state of Georgia, as tribute to the services he had rendered, named in his honor one of her counties, a county so large that even to-day it is occasionally referred to as the "State of Emanuel."

The Flowers That Bloom in the Fall

Who said that a dull season is in prospect. Because society, like the bon vivant after he dines, now and then pauses to take forty winks, need the world conclude that Omaha is hibernating? Our autumn brides, it is true, will all soon establish their own menages and cease to be centers of interest. The first bride was like a modest purple violet; the second like a colorful pink rose; the third like a sunny yellow chysanthemum. Our first debutante was like a dreamy white narcissus, and our latest is like a blushing pink-tinted sweet pea.
— Omaha (Neb.) Bee.

A Study in Feet and One Ear

Strayed or stolen, from my place at Duke two weeks ago, a mouse colored mule, seal black, walks on toe and one hind foot, has shoe on crippled foot with a piece of steel welded on, coming up over front of hoof, new shoes in front, warts on outside of left ear. Liberal reward for mule of information as to whereabouts. J. J. Jordon, Duke, Okla..

— Altus (Okla.) Times.



PROUD OWNER: "That horse can roll over and play dead!"
DISTRESSED NOVICE: "I wish he'd do it, then!"



Who Is This Woman?

She is the woman who found her furniture losing its beauty—the costly finish growing dark, soft, sticky, greasy, catching dust and soiling clothing. She had used an oily polish—but when she tried

LIQUID VENEER

Endorsed by National Housewives' League what a transformation! All those ill effects were overcome—and the original charm, that she thought gone forever, was restored to furniture, piano, and woodwork. She saved the cost of refinishing, and found the economical way to keep her furniture like new for years to come. Do you know this woman?

Note: She recently obtained one of the 25c. L.V. Dust Cloths, free, that dealers are giving away Fridays with the purchase of a 50c. bottle of Liquid Veneer. Get yours next Friday!

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Mature
mothers
become
enthusiastic
girls again
at the sight of



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LIKLY specializes in super-light, super-strong luggage. That's why so many ladies write us love letters. That accounts for the hopeful way they eye their caught or prospective husbands at birthdays and other gift times.

The Oxford bag above is particularly light to carry. An unusually handsome model. Interior lined with Tuscan leather. One long and two short pockets. Outside of crêpe grain cowhide.

16 inches long. Price, \$16.50



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LUGGAGE**

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The Future Historian
A. D. 6000
By Samuel Hoffenstein

Aspects of the 20th Century: War

Let us first consider one of the most grotesque, as well as one of the most unintelligible, of the customs of the barbarians.

This was called war, and whether it was a sport, a religious rite, a means of livelihood, or merely a necessary expression of the savage instinct,—we have at present no means of discovering, although the highest authorities agree that it probably partook of the qualities of all four.

The scarcity of written records and traditions that have come down to us from this period make it extremely difficult to arrive at any clear understanding of motives or manners. Of the latter there seems to have been little or none save among the black tribes of Africa and the so-called Esquimaux of the frozen North, who, because of their remoteness from the centres of culture and population, give evidence of having acquired a simplicity of conduct and an interpretation of Nature more closely akin to our own.

The problem of motive we shall inquire into in an ensuing paragraph when we take up the salient characteristic of the age—the phenomenon, if we may call it that, from which the age takes its name—the phenomenon of money.

It is a pity that of all the vast bulk of the minted minerals then in circulation, not a copper, not a so-called bond or stock, has come down to us, for all close students of the time agree that the soul, character and history of the age were written in money.

As the greatest of our historians has said, the face of a penny held all that was worth remembering of the Money Age—its character, its striving, its art and its future; and how true the last is, is best seen in the fact that not a penny remains.

Our study of the age is therefore primarily a matter of conjecture, as we not only have no money to enlighten us but no art, of which the age seems to have been entirely devoid. The absence of the latter, however, may be due, as some historians have said, to the habit of the age of starving its artists, or of compelling them to have recourse to the only forms of expression then popular—in painting, theatrical lithographs, in belles-lettres, a peculiar form of braggadocio known as advertising, and a weird kind of music—probably a ritual—known as ragtime.

From the few specimens of these dubious arts now extant in our museums, we must rely for practically all our insight into the age from which they emanate, and from these we gather that the two most really prevalent forms of expression of the time were a kind of public, but subtle and cleverly concealed, sexual excitation, known as dancing, and a debauched theatre whose protagonists were mostly women, whose chief function seemed to be the flagrant exhibition of the body in various stages of nudity. As no other vestige of its civilization remains either in our moral, social or economic life—

(Continued to page 30)



"Perfectly, Cosily
Warm when it's
Cold as Ice!"

DON'T shiver your vitality away and furrow your face with the lines that nervous chills make. Wear dainty, perfectly cut

"Harvard Mills"
and
"Mérode"
(Hand-Finished)
Fine Gauge Ribbed
Underwear

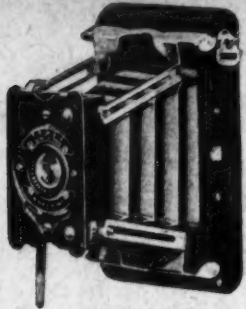
They are garments which were designed by a woman, so plenty of the styles are adapted to meet the dress fashions of today. Or, if you need greater warmth, you may select separate garments or Union Suits which cover you from hand to foot.

We have been making Underwear for a quarter of a century. We feel that we know pretty well what women and children want—and we spare no effort to meet their wishes. We make every desirable weight in cotton, lisle or silk-and-wool and in a remarkably wide range of sizes. Specially designed garments for the very tall and the stout woman.

Every garment is actually cut individually by hand and hand-finished. No wrinkles, double-fabric seams or places that draw. You are absolutely comfortable, properly protected and delightfully warm in "Mérode" or "Harvard Mills" Underwear. All the best stores carry one or the other, all over the country.

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"Little Indian" \$7 to \$22.00

"Seneca Junior" 8 " 55.00

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Made in 2 sizes, the "Little Indian" takes pictures $1\frac{3}{8} \times 2\frac{1}{2}$ inches, the "Seneca Junior" takes $2\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$ inch pictures. Both size pictures enlarge beautifully.

These friendly little cameras are as inconspicuous as your watch, yet are as fast, accurate and easy to handle as any of the larger Senecas. Meet these little chaps anywhere you see a Seneca Agency sign and you will become pals on sight.

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FOR MEN

Protection against chilling of the body; often a forerunner of colds, pneumonia and rheumatism.

Famous over half a century for its superior qualities.

Every garment shaped to the figure and guaranteed not to shrink.

Glastenbury Two-Piece, Flat-Knit Spring-Needle Underwear is made in fifteen grades, several weights of fine wools, worsted and merino.

Adjustable drawer bands on all except \$1.25 grade.

	per garment
Natural Gray Wool, winter weight	\$1.25
Natural Gray Wool, winter weight (double thread)	1.75
Natural Gray Wool, light weight	2.00
Natural Gray Worsted, light weight	1.25
Natural Gray Australian Lamb's Wool, light weight	1.75
Natural Gray Worsted, medium weight	2.00
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Write for booklet—sample cuttings. Yours for the asking Dept. 52

Glastenbury Knitting Co.
GLASTENBURY, CONN.



The Future Historian A. D. 6000

(Continued from page 29)

save a few remnants of language and an isolated ruin or two of architecture—we must reconstruct the age from these few records and from the imperfect workings of an almost unguided imagination.

We have digressed so far from the subject of war, partly to apologize for our dim conception, and hence, our fragmentary presentation of the phenomenon, and secondly because an appreciation of our limited knowledge of the circumstance may serve to make clear why the phenomenon should appear to us so utterly bewildering and inexplicable.

We know, from a few pages of certain documents, fantastically called the Red, Yellow and White Books, which have come down to us, and whose meanings have been divined rather than translated, that in the early part of the twentieth century practically the entire world was engaged in the business, pastime or ritual of war. At any rate, that part of the world which called itself civilized; the world being then divided into civilized and savage peoples, instead of consisting of a single spiritual organization, with a uniform cultural and ethical standard, as it does to-day; and these two groups were divided on a basis of war and money—that is to say, the civilized peoples were those who made war and used money, while the savage peoples were those who considered money only as an ornament, and never killed one another except to satisfy immediate personal grievances.

Whether this war was part of the business, ritual or entertainment of the day we do not know, but some insight into this is gained from a study of the political organization of the period.

We have already stated that its *raison d'être* was money; that the pursuit of money so engrossed the individual from the cradle to the grave that his first cry on coming into the world is said to have resembled the clink of metal, and his death rattle had something of the same sound. In fact, we know that a person without money was not permitted to associate with his fellows; one of their musical records, supposed to be a love-song, now in possession of one of our principal museums, is entitled "If You Haven't any Money You Need Not Come Around"—or so it is approximately rendered in our tongue.

In the prehistoric darkness preceding the period of which we are writing, it is assumed that individuals exterminated one another for the possession of money; but at about the beginning of the Money Age we begin to see a tendency towards *grouping* for the same purpose. That is to say, at about this time, the individual began to realize that he could not exterminate all his fellows and secure all the money in the world; hence individuals of the same language, race and customs grouped together for the purpose of exterminating rival groups of different language, race and customs and taking all their money away from them; this accomplished, the individuals of the surviving group could proceed to exterminate one another, until ultimately one individual would



You wouldn't have cheap shoes put on a horse that cost \$600 or more. Why put cheap (?) "shoes" on the car that you paid \$600 or more for?

QUAKER 5000- Mile TIRES

TEMPERED RUBBER

After paying for all the comfort, safety and refinements that automobile engineers and designers can put into a car, it does seem a bit shortsighted to halve the ease, security and appearance of your machine by the use of "cheap" tires.



Quakers are adjusted on a 5000-mile basis, but are sold at about a 3500-mile price

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Quaker City Rubber Co.
Philadelphia



Are You Staying Young?

Your skin tells the story. Skins, like houses, need constant "keeping-up" else they tattle their tales of neglect to every passerby.

To keep your skin in repair, exercise it! Invigorate it! Rub in a pinch of Pompeian MASSAGE Cream. Rub it out again. This wonderful pink cream cleanses every little pore, rejuvenates, refreshes—removes shine, brings a healthy, athletic glow to the cheeks. You look years younger.

Jars 50c, 75c, and \$1.00. At the stores.

Pompeian Hair Massage

Removes dandruff—yes!
Tones up the scalp and makes the hair healthy, strong and lustrous. Bottles, 25c., 50c., and \$1.00 at the stores.

Get this Beautiful Art Calendar

showing Mary Pickford and her pet, "Canary Billie." Size, 28 x 7½ in. Exquisitely colored. Sent for 10c. We will include sample of Pompeian MASSAGE Cream.

The Pompeian Co.,
232 Prospect St.,
Cleveland, Ohio.

Gentlemen: I enclose a dime for a Mary Pickford Art Panel and a trial jar of Pompeian MASSAGE Cream. For letting me have this picture for only 10c., I will gladly speak a good word to my friends about it and Pompeian products if I like them.



POMPEIAN MFG. CO.,
232 Prospect St., Cleveland, Ohio.

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Address.....
City..... State.....

be left alone with all the money in the world. This is said to have been the dream of every person at the beginning of the twentieth century. At any rate, we know that these groups are the beginnings of government and that the money groups were the basis of the social and political organization of the twentieth century.

Our best authorities assume further that war was simply the process of group extermination for the purpose of securing money, and that it was therefore the business of mankind at this period.

Of the actual methods of conducting war we know little. Archaeologists, however, believe that most of the business of war was conducted or transacted underground. It is believed that a warring group dug holes or trenches, which were filled with gunpowder; shining heaps of gold and silver were then piled on the ground in the vicinity of these holes and trenches in order to decoy the opposing group. When the latter reached the holes the powder was set off and the group blown to pieces. The first group then rushed forth and stripped their slain adversaries of their money.

This phase of warfare, however, is shrouded in the mists of antiquity and our most plausible assumptions are little more than conjecture. What we do know is that war is, with the exception of money, the outstanding feature of the Money Age, and occurs almost continually during the period.

The Result

"Your daughter did well to land that young millionaire!"
"I gave her a good business education."

HE: "If you refuse me I will blow out my brains!"
SHE: "You flatter yourself!"

Greece is now enjoying the sensation of being squarely in the fire, with the inverted frying pan on top of her.

Woman, says a physician, is at her prettiest at forty-five. So now Florenz Ziegfeld must make haste to recast several shows.

Good old conservative Congress began its first day by attacking the high cost of living. It is a perfectly safe procedure, and cannot possibly alienate the members of any party.

Lighter Than Air

"What are you doing now, Pete?"
"I'm collecting."
"Collecting what?"
"My thoughts."
"Gosh, you always were lucky getting light work."

Mistaken

Female passenger in airplane some thousands of feet up—excitedly, "Please, oh, please, won't you go down? I've just dropped my pearl cuff button—"
"Calm yourself, madam—that's not your cuff-button, that's Lake Erie."



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The Rival Dancers

(Continued from page 9)

presence of men; while her mother's eyes grew ever more passionate and her voice sounded ever more appealing.

People brightened up near her like sails at dawn, when touched by the first rays of the sun—and that is true; for to many people Nuncia was the first ray of the day of love; many people were grateful to her as they silently watched her walking along the street beside her cart, stately like a mast, and her voice carried to the roofs of the houses. She was also beautiful in the marketplace, as she stood in front of a party-colored heap of vegetables, as though painted by a great master against the white background of the church wall—her place was near the church of St. Jacob, at the left of the porch; and she died within three feet from that spot. As she stood there she seemed to be aflame, her brisk jests flashed over the heads of the people like brilliant sparks, also her laughter and her songs, of which she knew thousands.

She knew how to dress so that her beauty was accentuated, like good wine in a fine glass—the more transparent the glass, the better it shows the soul of the wine: color always adds to the odor and taste, playing to the end the red song without words, which we drink in order to give our souls some blood of the sun. Wine, O Lord! The world with all its chaos and vanity would not be worth the hoof of a donkey, if man did not have the sweet opportunity to irrigate his poor soul with a good glass of red wine, which, like the holy communion, cleanses us of our sins and teaches us to love and forgive this world, where there is plenty of nastiness. . . Just look through your glass at the sun, and the wine will tell such wonderful stories. . .

Nuncia was standing in the sun, arousing cheerful thoughts and desires to please her—in the presence of a beautiful woman it is disgraceful to remain unnoticed, and a man always feels like shining at his best. Much good was done by Nuncia; she aroused new powers and vigor. The good always kindles the desire for the best.

Yes, and near her mother Nina appeared ever more frequently, as modest as a nun. The men looked at her, compared her with Nuncia, and perhaps some of the people then understood how a woman will feel and how painful life is to her at times.

Time was passing, ever increasing its hasty gait; people flash by in time like gold dust in the red ray of the sun. Nuncia frowned her heavy eyebrows ever more frequently and at times, biting her lip, she would look at her daughter, as one gambler at another, trying to find out what cards he was holding in his hands. . .

A year went by, another—and the daughter was growing ever nearer to her mother—and yet ever further away. It was by this time quite clear that the young men did not know at whom to look more tenderly—at the mother or the daughter. And her friends—friends always like to strike the most painful spot—her friends asked:

"Well, Nuncia, your daughter is out-



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shining you, isn't she?"

The woman answered, laughing:

"Large stars are seen even near the moon."

As a mother she was proud of her daughter's beauty. As a woman, Nuncia could not help envying her youth. Nina had stationed herself between her and the sun—and it was painful for the mother to live in the shade.

There was a rumor that Nina had said to Nuncia one day:

"We could live much better if you were more sensible."

And one day the daughter said to the mother:

"Mama, you are too much in my way; I am not a little girl any longer, and I want to take from life what belongs to me! You have lived a merry life—don't you think that my time has come now?"

"What is it?" asked the mother, lowering her eyes guiltily. She knew well what it was.

Enrico Borbone had returned from Australia. He had been a woodcutter in that wonderful land, where everybody who wishes it can easily earn large sums of money. He came back to bask in the sunshine of his fatherland, but was preparing to return to the land where people lived more freely. He was thirty-six. Bearded, strong, jolly, he related his experiences glowingly, and described his life in the dense forests. Everybody regarded his life as a fairy tale; but mother and daughter believed he was telling the truth.

"I see that Enrico likes me," said Nina, "and yet you play with him, and that hinders me, for it makes him light-minded. . ."

"I understand," said Nuncia. "Very well, you shall have no cause for complaining to the Madonna against your mother."

And this woman honestly stepped aside from the man she loved.

But it is known that easy conquests make the conquerors arrogant, and when the conqueror is a child, it is very bad!

Nina soon spoke to her mother not as she deserved, and thus one day—it was St. Jacob's day—the holiday of our quarter, when all the people amused themselves from the bottom of their hearts, and after Nuncia had danced the tarantella beautifully, Nina remarked in the presence of the people:

"Don't you think you are dancing too much? It is hardly proper at your age—it is time for you to take care of your heart—"

All who heard these audacious words, uttered gently, grew silent for a moment, while Nuncia cried furiously, placing her hands at her waist:

"My heart? You are worrying about my heart, are you? Very well, little girl, thank you! But let us see whose heart is stronger!"

And after a moment's thought, she suggested:

"You and I will run from here to the fountain three times, back and forth—of course, without resting."

This race between the two women seemed amusing to many people. There were some who looked upon the incident as upon a disgraceful scandal, but the majority, respecting Nuncia, looked upon her suggestion

(Continued to page 34)



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The Rival Dancers

(Continued from page 33)

with serious playfulness, and compelled Nina to accept her mother's challenge.

The judges were chosen and the speed of the race was fixed — everything was done as at a real race, correctly and in detail. There were many men and women who really wanted to see the mother win, and they blessed her and made vows to the Madonna if she would help Nuncia, and give her strength.

Now mother and daughter stood side by side, without looking at each other; now the tambourine sounded dully, and they tore themselves away and ran along the street to the square, like two large white birds — the mother wearing a red kerchief on her head, the daughter a blue one.

At the very outset it was clear that the daughter yielded to the mother in lightness and strength — Nuncia was running so freely and gracefully, as though the ground were carrying her, as a mother carrying a child; the people were throwing flowers from the windows and the wide walks at her feet, applauding her, urging her on with exclamations; after the second round she was ahead of her daughter, and Nina, exhausted, humiliated by her failure, fell on the steps of the porch, almost breathless and in tears — she was unable to run any longer.

Strong, like a cat, Nuncia bent over her, and laughed with the others:

"My child," she said, stroking the dishevelled hair of her daughter with a firm hand. "My child, you should know that the stronger heart in amusement, in work and in love is the heart of the woman who has been tested by life, and one learns to know life only after the age of thirty. . . My child, don't be sorry!"

And without resting after her race, Nuncia again wanted to dance the tarantella:

"Who will dance with me?"

Enrico came forward, took off his hat and making a low bow to this splendid woman, held his head bent respectfully for a long time.

The tambourine was sounded and the passionate dance broke out, intoxicating like old, strong, dark wine. Nuncia commenced to whirl around, bending and wriggling like a serpent — she knew well this dance of passion, and it was a great pleasure to see the vitality and playfulness of her beautiful, powerful body.

She danced long, with many men; the men were tired, but she had not had enough of dancing, and it was past midnight when she shouted:

"Well, once more, Enrico, for the last time!"

And again she danced with him. Her eyes widened and flashed tenderly and generously, when suddenly, with a light cry, she clasped her hands and fell to the ground, as though struck down at the knees.

The physician said she died from heart failure.

Perhaps

The Greek crisis, if laid end to end, appears to be long enough to reach from the beginning of the war to its conclusion.

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SENTRY: "As there's a desprit spy in the neighborhood, ma'am, ye'll have to halt an' be searched."

Janus Melts

Old January scowled to hear
The people say: 'What lovely weather!
How balmy for the time of year;
It's more like Spring and Fall together."

He scowled, old January did,
And to himself he growled: "I'll show 'em!
Too long I've kept my power hid.
To-morrow, watch me snow and blow 'em!"

The morrow came, and with it sleet,
Ice, wind and snow — a bizzard bitter;
Impassable each city street;
The sparrows e'en too cold to twitter.

The drifts piled high; an icy gale
Bade folks of frozen ears be wary;
The papers told a fearful tale
Of "Record Cold For January."

Old January saw and heard;
He saw a child, ill-clad and shivering;
He saw a famished little bird,
Beneath a cornice, chilled and quivering.

He heard a kitten cry with cold —
A homeless waif — for deep it bit him;
He heard the groans of gran'ther old,
Whose rheumatiz again had hit him.

Jan. melted when he heard and saw;
Remorse surged o'er this frosty hermit;
Tears streamed from all his eyes. A thaw —
A January thaw, we term it.

Experienced

BUSINESS MAM (about to dictate letter, thoughtfully): Now let me see, how ought I to begin?

NEW STENOGRAPHER: Well, what are you going to do, dictate a letter, tell me your family troubles, or ask if you can kiss me?

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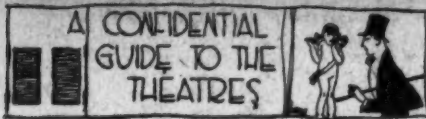
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WONDERS
SHUBERT.....So Long Letty
ASTOR.....Her Soldier Boy
CASINO.....Anna Held
39th ST.....Emma Dunn
BOOTH.....Getting Married

Plays and Players
(Continued from page 13)

is conspicuously impossible. We had guessed it! In a fourth-rate little play called "The Sham Model," Sarah, for the first time in her New York life, spoke a few words of English. The effect was extraordinary. Nearly all the charm of the eminent actress vanished. The mystery, the illusion, and the delicacy evaporated. Horrible jargon emanating from the lips of a theatrical goddess, gave one cold shivers. The cruel and relentless mutilation of our language by one whom we have loved, hurt our sense of the fitness of things.

Absurd people exclaimed: "How cute!" as they listened to Sarah's barbarous utterances, and realized the difficulties with which she was struggling. They professed to believe that the poem she recited in our much-abused tongue, was really very beautiful. As a matter of fact, it was pitiful and awe-inspiring. Thank goodness that Sarah knew her own limitations, and was wise enough to keep them from us until this final engagement.

And what a playlet for an artist! It was said to be the work of "a gay French artist at the front." If that be true, then he should at once be removed from the front, and permitted to stay at the back for the rest of his life.

However, I don't suppose that Sarah was one whit worse in English than perhaps Mrs. Fiske would be in French. The only English-speaking actress I have ever known to undertake the task of playing in a foreign language was Mrs. Patrick Campbell, who once appeared in French with Sarah Bernhardt, the play being Maeterlinck's "Pelléas et Melisande." To me, Mrs. Campbell's French seemed excellent, but I imagine that Paris would have enjoyed a hearty laugh.

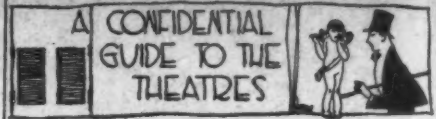
Once again I saw three one-act plays at Stuart Walker's Portmanteau Theatre, when it had settled itself at the Princess. This institution calls itself "the theatre that comes to you"—which sounds like either a threat or a promise. I don't think that I should ever implore it to come to me, and I should be terrified if I thought that it could invade my privacy.

Wouldn't it be awful if theatres *did* come to you, were delivered at your house like ice and coal, as it were, and then sent you in a bill each month? Imagine finding a three-act comedy waiting for you in the living room, just as dinner was served! Think of the acute agony of a Shakespearean drama at home, when you were about to retire early with a readable book!

I don't know what "the theatre that comes to you" suggests, unless it be that you can hire it for your delectation.

The three playlets at the Portmanteau were called "The Birthday of the Infanta"—and all the characters pronounced "infanta" as "infonta;" "The Very Naked Boy," described on the programme as "an interlude before the curtains;" and "The Lady of the Weeping Willow."

I feel quite convinced that they meant



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something—something very subtle and symbolical. I always know when plays mean something, because then I never understand them. I rack my brain to read meanings into them. I overwork my imagination in an effort to establish a certain significance. The only result is that I am bored. That happened at the Portmanteau Theatre. It was enigmatic.

I met a very artistic person in the lobby. He hailed me.

Said he: "Isn't it — isn't it — isn't it —"

And while he paused for an adjective that I vaguely divined, I remarked quickly: "It IS."

And it surely was.

Mr. Walker's actors are capable and quite interesting, principally because they are unknown and — as the reporter would say — "fraught with possibilities." One or two of them are extremely promising, so much so that I shouldn't be surprised to hear that really evil speculative managers had offered them great pecuniary inducements. And that of course would be fatal to their future.

Don't Kiss Me

(A pathetic ballad of the grippe)

John Thompson was a citizen
Of credit and renown
But when a grippe germ entered him
It brought John Thompson down.
With febrifuge and germicide
And healing herbs full score
He fought the vicious, little beast
But still it vexed him sore.
And as he lay upon his cot
He heard his doctor tell
"You may not kiss nor osculate
Nor buss, till you are well."
"Nay, can you, John," the doctor asked,
"Though this must cause you pain,
Can you forego the fond embrace
Of Mistress Mary Jane?"
John Thompson was a cautious man,
He knew the ways of germs,
How fast they multiply and breed,
The cruel, septic worms!
Bold resolution fired his eyes,
He spoke as doth a man:
"When Duty whispers low, 'Thou must,'
The youth replies, 'I can!'"
She came not in the rosy dawn,
She did not come at noon;
His heart leaped up when in the eve,
He heard her dainty shoon.
Compassion filmed her azure orbs,
Her heart beat fast for fear;
But ere she swooped on him with love,
He murmured in her ear:
"Don't kiss me, darling Mary Jane,
A foe is armed to kill us,
The germ that bideth on my lips,
The dreaded grippe bacillus.
Don't kiss me, darling Mary Jane,"
With gestures epileptic
The swain implored his darling lass,
"Until I'm antiseptic."
And thus they bode till he was well,
As prophylaxis fated;
Unhugged, unbussed, unknissed, unstrung,
Nonplussed, unosculated. E. L.

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My dear Mrs. Blank:—

The jam-pot you so kindly sent us arrived quite safely, which surprised us a good deal, because the silver top is so extremely thin that the lightest touch is sufficient to dent it. This is the fifth jam-pot we have received so far. Will you let us know where you bought it, so that we can have it credited and get something useful in its place? I suppose it is a three dollar article, like the others we have received. If you would prefer, I will return it to you and take postage stamps in its place. I suppose it would look silly for anyone to give three or four dollar's worth of stamps as a wedding present; but such a present would be so much more sensible than the usual run of vegetable-dishes, nickel-plated casseroles, steak knives-and-forks and jam-pots that are inflicted on helpless brides and grooms. However, we are very grateful to you for sending us anything at all, as we have nothing in common, and will probably never see each other except on the street or at large and indiscriminate gatherings during the remainder of our lives.

Sincerely yours,

ANNE BRYDE.

Efficiency is pitifully inefficient after all. Here is a device which enables a man to use both hands while listening with both ears at a telephone, but takes into no account the fact that both his feet may be idle.

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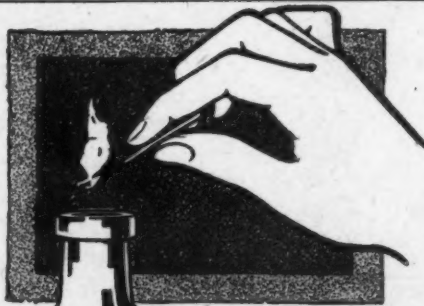
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The danger time!

is when you say, "I can use benzine, naphtha or gasoline because I will be careful."

Don't do it—

CARBONA Cleaning Fluid

—will clean perfectly, without injury to the most delicate fabric or color,

—and Carbona

—cannot explode

It is safe to use day or night.

Guaranteed not to contain Benzine, Naphtha, Gasoline or other inflammable or explosive substance.

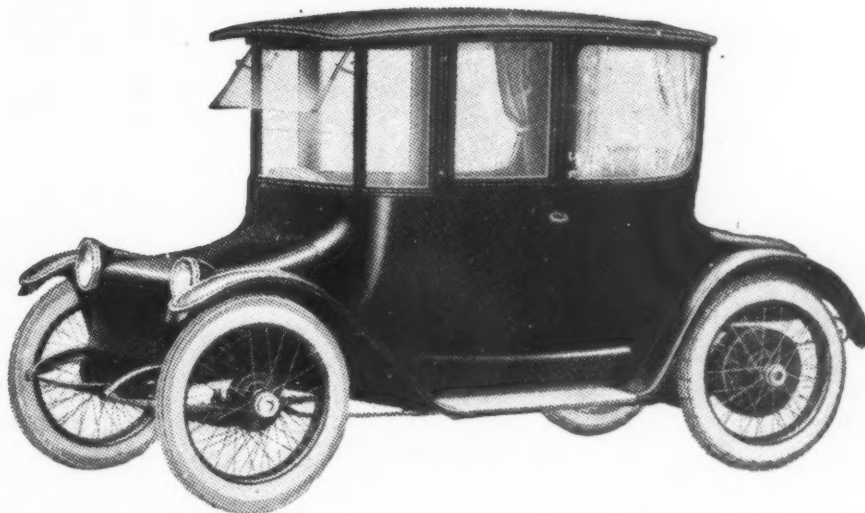
15c.—25c.—50c.—\$1.00 bottles. At all druggists







Detroit Electric



Now a Detroit Electric for \$1775

That line will bear repetition. Read it again:
Now a Detroit Electric for \$1775.

For ten years the Detroit Electric has borne the reputation of being the finest enclosed car built. It is matchless among all-year cars in design, in quality of construction, and in modern refinements.

And the world of enclosed car purchasers knows this. Though there are cars of higher price and cars of lower price, far more Detroit Electrics are bought than any other enclosed car either of gasoline or electric type.

This model 68, at \$1775, in every feature, every refinement, every detail, is typically Detroit Electric in quality and workmanship.

It is a car we are proud to give the name Detroit Electric.

Note these fine car features.

Mileage—65 to 100 miles per charge, according to road and weather conditions.

Speed—5 to 24 miles per hour.

Battery—42 cells, 13 plate, standard Detroit Electric Battery guaranteed.

Interior Arrangement—Rear seat 50 inches wide. Revolving Pullman chair front right corner. Auxiliary seat left front corner. **Upholstering**—Exclusive patterns in whipcords. **Tires**—Goodrich Silvertown cord pneumatic type, safety tread rear, Size 33x4½". **Wheelbase**—100" wheelbase. Tread, standard 56 inches. **Wheels**, Houck wire.

(203)

ANDERSON ELECTRIC CAR COMPANY, DETROIT



The Columbia Grafonola

"The Stage of the World"

YOU have the stage of the world in your home if you own a Columbia Grafonola and Columbia Records.

A vaster company of greater artists than the greatest stage in the world possesses is at your direction every day, with a greater and infinitely more varied repertoire than any one stage ever presented.

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Columbia Grafonola
Price \$200